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VOL XXVII NO 25 NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 21 1901

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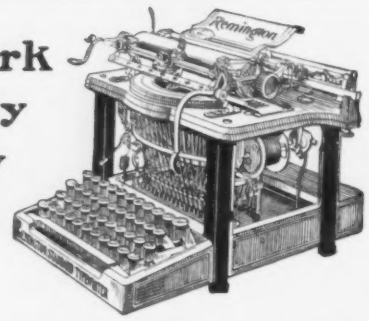

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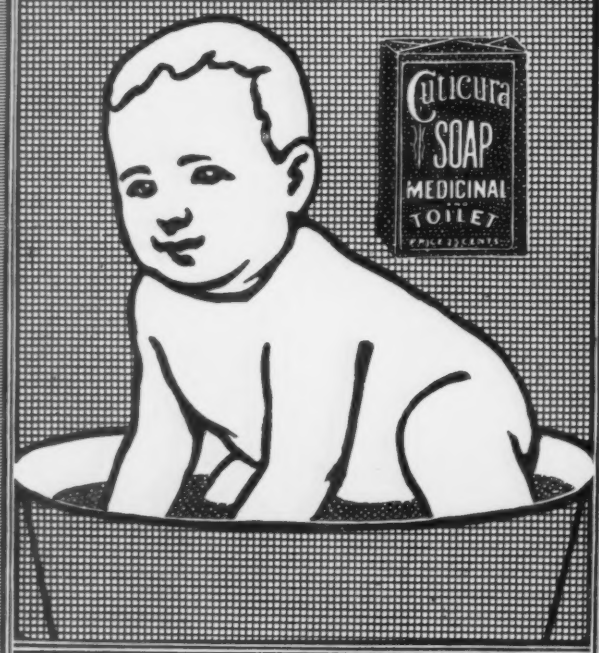

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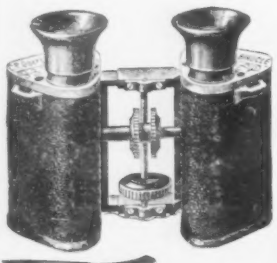
VOL TWENTY-SEVEN NO 25 NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 21 1901 PRICE TEN CENTS

PICTURE BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE

PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKINLEY'S LAST APPEARANCE BEFORE THE SHOOTING

THE PHOTOGRAPH REPRESENTS THE ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY AT THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS ON THE MORNING OF SEPTEMBER 5, THE DAY BEFORE THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION. IN THE CARRIAGE ARE THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKINLEY, EXPOSITION PRESIDENT MILBURN AND MRS. WILLIAM HAMLIN OF THE BOARD OF WOMEN MANAGERS



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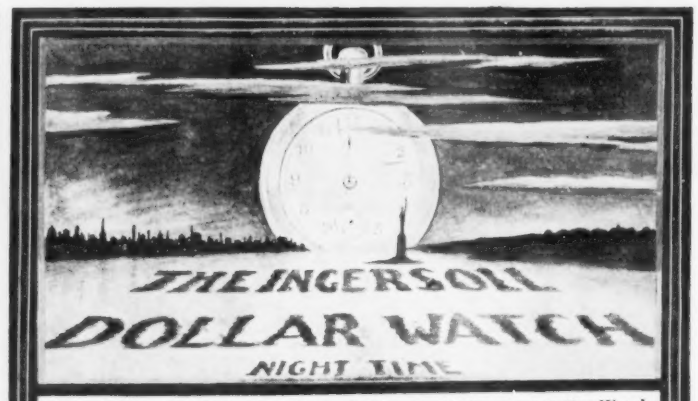

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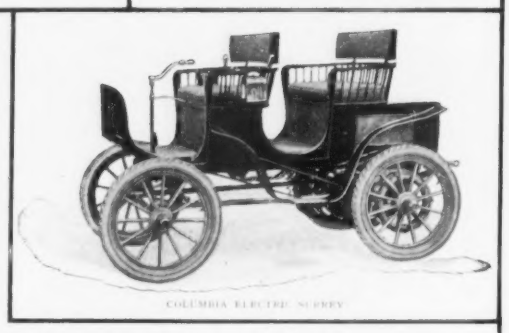

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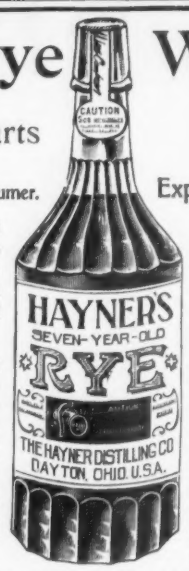

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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY CAME with a greater shock to the nation than if it had followed swiftly and mercifully on the deed of the anarchist. The firmness of the President's will and the cheerfulness of his disposition promised to be faithful allies of the physicians. For nearly a week each succeeding bulletin added fresh animation to the hope that the prayers of the people would be answered and that the President would return to the full enjoyment of health. The medical men in attendance were apparently confident that the crisis had been passed. The patient's condition had shown steady improvement. The pulse had diminished in frequency and increased in fulness; the temperature had fallen; it had been even considered advisable to allow the patient to take considerable food.

But late on Thursday, September 12, unfavorable symptoms appeared. The President showed great fatigue, and the pulse beat, which had disturbed the physicians from the first, increased. Early on Friday morning came one of those swift and fatal changes which neither the skill of the surgeons nor the prayers of the people could avert. The President was visibly sinking. Determined efforts were made to revive him, and slight rallies followed. But they in turn were followed by relapses. It became apparent that the wave of life was receding rapidly, and that no human agency could restrain it. There were moments when the dying hope in the breasts of the watchers was refreshed, but they were only moments. After hours of patient suffering, on Saturday morning at a quarter past two, the President was relieved of the "fretful stir unprofitable and fever of the world." He bore himself to the end with the same fortitude that had marked his manner from the very moment when he was struck down, and died as he had lived, an unfaltering Christian gentleman.

There is an old story of the happy death of a man who was slain at the moment when he had realized all his fondest hopes and before he could feel the bitterness of possession. If anything could rob the tragedy called death of its terrors, and if any measure of human felicity could compensate for the uselessness of the sacrifice of this life, they might be found in the circumstances of Mr. McKinley's death. No President, except perhaps Mr. Lincoln, had seen so many of the purposes of his political career accomplished during his term as Mr. McKinley. And even Mr. Lincoln went to his grave while the embers of the rebellion were still fiery and before his sagacious eyes could see the reunion of the States in an enduring fellowship. Mr. McKinley saw most of the work of his laborious public life brought to a successful conclusion and most of the ideals of government that he had cherished realized. The revenue system which he advocated in his early career had triumphed over all opposition; the financial system of which he had become the chief exponent had become fixed beyond any immediate danger of dislodgment. He had begun and carried to a successful conclusion a war of far-reaching consequences; he had molded the consequences themselves to meet his theories. But he found his greatest comfort and the highest reward of a long and consistent struggle in the unmistakable signs of the blessing called "national prosperity."

Mr. McKinley was not a political idealist. All his life he had clung to the old homely belief, that in this workaday world if there is plenty of work for honest hands to do and good wages for its performance, the ends of political philosophy have been accomplished. "The chicken in the pot" not every Saturday night but every night was the reward he felt the government should ensure to labor. His political activities were devoted toward enhancing the trade of the country and increasing the country's industrial energies, and he never wavered from this purpose. Whatever was good for business, if it were honest and lawful, was good for the nation. This in a word was his political creed, and he upheld it always with vigor and courage. He answered adverse criticisms of his policy by pointing to the smoke pouring from the factory chimneys.

It must be said that those who had observed the tenacity with which he clung to this ideal during his congressional career were amazed at the broadness and vigor with which he dealt with large questions of state after he entered the White House. No one could have managed the extremely delicate international questions that arose before and during the Spanish war with greater skill than the President displayed. He managed to reject "good offices"—many of them concealing a hostile intent—without antagonizing the governments that made the offers, and thus saved us from the perils of a ruder interference. It is largely due to his efforts that the bitterness of the feeling of Continental Europe, aroused by the seizure of the Spanish dependencies and the subsequent trade invasion of European markets, has been softened. It will require a wider vision than the present generation could apply to tell whether the Philippine and Cuban enterprises of the McKinley Administration will prove to be blessings to this country. But so far as we can judge by the existing situation, the Administration policy has been successful. The Philippine insurrection has been subdued and an orderly government is rising in the islands. Cuba, almost for the first time in the memory of man, is at peace. The Porto Ricans are apparently contented with their slender share of statehood.

Copyright 1901 by Frances B. Johnston

William McKinley

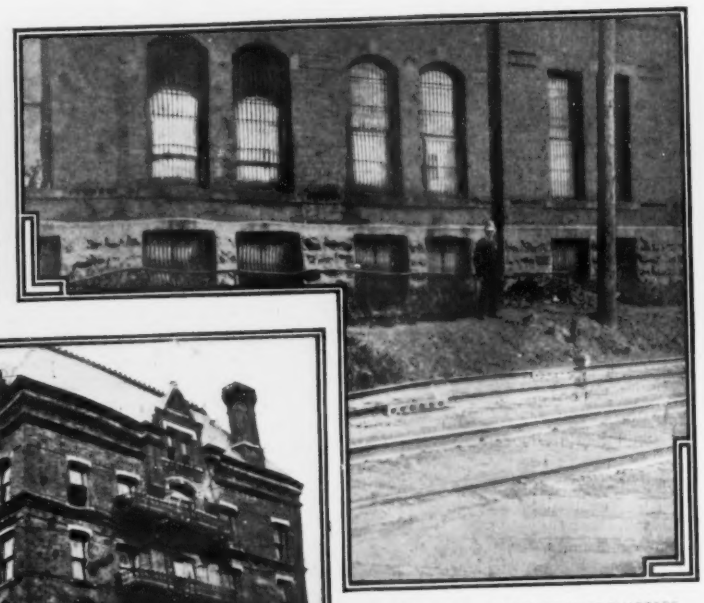
We have spoken of Mr. McKinley's power in assuaging the bitterness of defeat. It was natural for him to deliver the soft answer that turneth away wrath. He owed much of his success as a politician to his unfailing urbanity and respect for the feelings of others, and whether he applied these qualities to the larger or smaller concerns of state, he did it with success. But those who knew him best, knew that his geniality cloaked a nature that was capable of the strongest emotions. The writer recalls one occasion when the generally unruffled serenity of Mr. McKinley's manner was broken, in a way that proved his stern qualities. In the Republican Convention of 1892, a strong cabal was formed with the purpose of preventing the nomination of General Harrison. It comprised some of the ablest and most adroit politicians in the party. The cry was, "Anything to beat Harrison." Mr. Blaine had been selected to lead this forlorn hope, but he was sickening to his death, and it became apparent that there was no magic even in that name to break the front of the Harrison forces. Mr. McKinley's star was brightly in the ascendant. The anti-Harrison men determined to attempt a "stampede" with McKinley. Those who were present at the time will not soon forget the scene that followed the casting of the first votes for the Ohio man. Mr. McKinley did not hesitate. There was no suggestion that the bait had tempted him in the angry speech in which he declared that he was for General Harrison and would not accept the nomination if it were offered to him. His face was white with passion, and he poured forth his speech with the most unexpected violence. If there ever had been a chance for the success of the conspiracy it faded when Mr. McKinley took the floor. General Harrison was nominated on that ballot.

But it is on Mr. McKinley's private life that the American people will dwell most affectionately. They think of him as the kind husband, the loyal friend, the forgiving enemy, the good citizen. No public man in our generation has more closely approached the ideal of the simple, pious, domestic life which we like to think is the foundation of all our power as a nation. The historian will not be likely to touch on the modest virtues of the fireside, but the patience of Mr. McKinley under affliction, the constancy of his affections, the rectitude of his course, are all known to the people, and they are not the least of the qualities that made him the best loved of all our Presidents since Lincoln. They might have entitled him to a happy existence until "old age, serene and bright, should lead him to the grave." But Fate would not have it so. He has been cut off in the full flood of his activities, at the hour of triumph, but leaving to the nation the best of examples in a pure and patriotic life.

Mr. McKinley's last sublime public utterance was one of forgiveness for his assassin. When the anarchist was struggling with the guard, the President, forgetting his wounds, cried: "Let no man harm him." He counselled moderation and expressed pity for the assassin. We will not go that far. The man deserves no more pity than any other cowardly criminal. He deserves still less the exaltation that passionate and revengeful people would give him above the common herd of murderers. But the American people will meet and overcome the evil of anarchism at the proper time.

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE

ARRIVING AT THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC



THE DUNGEONS OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS

BUFFALO POLICE HEADQUARTERS WHERE CZOLGOSZ IS INCARCERATED

PRIVATE SECRETARY CORTELYOU GIVING NEWS TO THE REPORTERS

WAITING FOR THE PRESIDENT TO PASS, ON HIS WAY TO THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC

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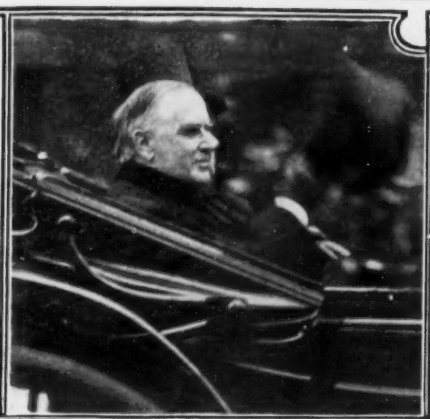
THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO GOAT ISLAND, NIAGARA FALLS

THE PRESIDENT AT BUFFALO

LAST SPEECHES OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY



THE PRESIDENT'S FAREWELL TO WASHINGTON AT THE START OF THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL TOUR

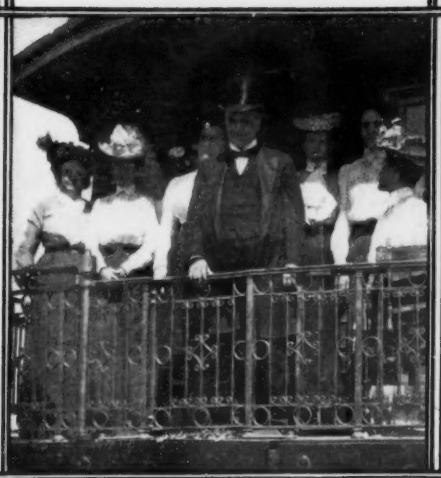
CANTON—"A LARGER PROSPERITY THAN EVER BEFORE AWAITS US"

OMAHA—"WE WANT MARKETS IN DISTANT LANDS"

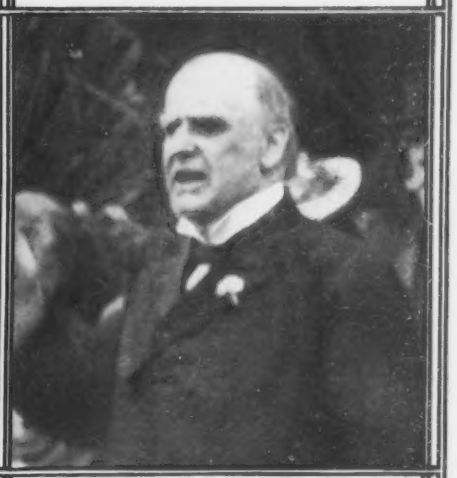
DEL MONTE—"A UNION OF HANDS AND HEARTS"

NEW ORLEANS—"WALKING HUMBLY BEFORE GOD, DEALING JUSTLY AND MERCIFULLY"

MEMPHIS—"LABOR EMPLOYED IS A COUNTRY SAFE"



DES MOINES—"OUR DIFFERENCES ARE POLICIES, OUR AGREEMENTS PRINCIPLES"



VICKSBURG—"PRIDE, POWER, MUST NOT TAINT MOTIVES"

"A MAN'S BEST GIFT TO HIS COUNTRY—HIS LIFE'S BLOOD"

FROM PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S SPEECH AT SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 23

PHOTOS BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE

WAITING FOR THEIR TURN TO SHAKE THE PRESIDENT'S HAND

THE PRESIDENT'S CARRIAGE WAITING OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE OF MUSIC

THE CRIME AT BUFFALO

THE VICE-PRESIDENT

AT FOUR O'CLOCK on the afternoon of Friday, September 6, President McKinley was struck down by an anarchist's bullet. When the country heard the news it turned aside to weep. With the fuller accounts of the next morning it only dared to indulge a faint hope. Sunday hope was stronger. Monday smiles were seen upon the faces which on Saturday last became wet with tears.

A STORY OF CRIME

A rapid story of this most extraordinary episode in our national history is a story of crime—whether deep-laid plot or individual action alone cannot now be told—of a great people plunged in grief, of prompt and skilful action by the surgeons, and of American emotionalism quickly mounting from the slough of despond to the heights of a characteristic and wholesome national optimism.

That President McKinley did not succumb almost immediately to the assassin's bullet is due to the accomplished surgeons who wielded the knife with so much skill.

Fate, or luck, or Providence, or whatever you choose to call it, had something to do with it, too. The assassin, after letting a dozen chances to do his work slip by him, chose a moment when the President stood within a few hundred feet of one of the best-equipped emergency hospitals in the world. There were ready at hand instruments, anæsthetics, all the appliances and auxiliaries of modern surgery. No waiting for anything, no long journey to a place of refuge.

SUCCORED BY SKILFUL SURGEONS

In less than an hour after he was hurt the President had been operated upon by a man whose reputation was already spread far and wide as an expert in abdominal cases.

The President was indeed most fortunate in his doctors. Not only has surgery made more progress than any other branch of medical science during the last twenty years, since Garfield fell a victim to Guiteau's bullet, but President McKinley's surgeons all worked in perfect harmony. It is a curious circumstance that Mr. McKinley always believed Garfield's life might have been saved had he had proper surgical attention. Mr. McKinley was a great favorite of Garfield's and of Mrs. Garfield's, and he knew the whole wretched story of the Garfield medical scandal.

As soon as the members of the Cabinet and other prominent men who had hastened to Buffalo had recovered from the shock of the first announcement of the shooting, they began to discuss ways and means of suppressing anarchy in this country and of guarding the life of a President hereafter. It is agreed that some way must be found to inflict more fitting punishment upon such criminals as this wretched Pole, whether or not they succeed in their murderous attempts. The worst the law can do for a criminal who tries but fails to kill the President is to sentence him to ten years in prison, with three years to come off for good behavior.

LÈSE-MAJESTÉ

Next winter Congress will doubtless enact a law which ex-Attorney-General Griggs is now drafting—a law declaring an assault upon the President of the United States to be treason, punishable with death. If it is treason to fire upon the flag, which is merely the insensible emblem of national authority, why should it not be treason to fire upon the man whose brain and heart and hand are the executive authority of the Republic? A nation is entitled to protect itself. To protect itself it must protect its rulers, since their destruction at a critical moment might mean the downfall of the nation itself. The power to protect implies the power to punish. American public opinion, it is believed, will sustain such a law. In our Republic we do not want *lèse majesté* in the sense that a disrespectful word spoken of the President may consign its utterer to prison. But we do draw the line at force and assassination.

A CRUSADE AGAINST ANARCHISM

As to a crusade against anarchism, there are different opinions in Administration circles. All wish to destroy anarchism, but some fear that rigorous repressive measures will serve only to stir up other deeds of violence. It has so worked in Europe. The anarchists, hunted and persecuted, believe it is a war of forces. They nerve themselves for the struggle. Like snakes, they crawl around till a good opportunity comes to strike. In all the world there is no more complicated and difficult problem than this of eradicating anarchism; and there can be no more hopeless theory than the one that we dare not lift a finger lest we stir the snakes to greater activity.

But there seems no hope for one of our American ideals. We have long been proud of the fact that our Presidents are of the people, and that they may mingle with the people without fear of harm. But this fearless practice, miscellaneous hand-shaking, indiscriminate receptions, unnecessary exposure of the life of the chief of the nation, must cease. So all have agreed in the councils at Buffalo. It is painful to give up a cherished national ideal, but better that than a recurrence of such a crime as that of Friday, September 6.

WALTER WELLMAN.

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THE PRESIDENT AND MR. MILBURN AT NIAGARA FALLS THE DAY BEFORE MR. McKINLEY WAS SHOT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

THE BATTLESHIP "IOWA" AT THE ISTHMUS

"JEFFERS, AN AMERICAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE"

THE "MACHIAS" EN ROUTE TO BOCAS DEL TORO

"THE REBELS IN THE MILITARY PRISON HEARD THE NEWS"

"THE HERO OF A RECENT ENCOUNTER WITH THE LIBERALS"

THE TROUBLE IN THE ISTHMUS

By EDWIN EMERSON, JR.,

Our Special Correspondent at Panama, who was sent to the scene of disturbance on the beginning of hostilities by the Colombian Insurgents, because of the controversy between Venezuela and Colombia

IT NEEDED no war nor revolution to make the Isthmus of Panama one of the most picturesque spots on earth, but now that both are imminent the country is fairly ablaze with local color.

H. A. GUDGER,
U. S. CONSUL AT PANAMA

Foreign warships ride in the harbors of Colon and Panama, the flags of all nations are hoisted over the huts of the frightened inhabitants, while tatterdemalion native soldiers roam at large through the streets.

Martial law is in force, and the affairs of life are regulated by drum taps and bugle calls. Especially is gold lace (somewhat tarnished) in evidence in Panama.

A few days ago an uncommonly noisy fanfare called us to the Alcaldia. A platoon of barefooted, undersized soldiers was drawn up in front of the portal. From the veranda the Alcalde, surrounded by half a dozen dusky policemen, read aloud a long Spanish pronunciamiento "In the name of the President," the meat of which follows:

"First, To suspend the payment of all pending accounts of war material and to limit expenses to the payment of the armed forces and of the administration.

"Second, To proceed to appropriate all the necessary material for the feeding, equipment and mobilization of the army, giving statements of their value, and to take in preference all the goods, moneys and property of the disaffected without neglecting to do the same to loyal citizens whenever it is expedient.

"Third, To levy forced and voluntary loans according to circumstances and impose war contributions in order to meet the expenses in each province without depending on the Central Government."

PROFITABLE "MARTIAL LAW"

The crowd that had gathered listened to this proclamation with lengthening faces. What it meant was soon made apparent when the Governor of the Province, General Alban, who had hastened from Cartagena, summoned a baker's dozen of the most prominent citizens to the Alcalde's office, and, locking the door behind him, required each of them to extend to the government a "voluntary" cash loan of three thousand dollars in Colombian silver.

The American proprietor of the principal gambling establishment of Panama had to give up five thousand dollars in silver, wherewith to enable the municipal government to pay the salaries of the local constabulary, long since overdue. How much the poor policemen needed their pay can be gathered from the fact that one of them, only the day before, had stopped me on the street to beg for five cents.

That same night the stores and personal property of several suspected liberals were seized by force of arms. Those merchants that could not ship their money to foreign banks lost no time in burying their treasure, while scores of others joined the cause of the revolution by "taking to the woods."

For a few days the government officials were jubilant over their successful coup.

The starveling soldiers received some of their arrears, besides the regular pay of four and a half cents per day, and Panama's crack battery of artillery was even equipped with new uniforms. I seized this auspicious moment to obtain photographs of the entire corps, and of their young colonel, the hero of a recent encounter with the liberals, where he lost his arm.

COLOMBIA MEETS WITH HARD LUCK

Then came bad news. In the face of a threatened naval demonstration on the part of Venezuela and Ecuador, a wretched crew of native sailors had managed to founder the Colombian gunboat *La Popa* off the coast of Cartagena. She proved a total loss.

Rumor had it that the little vessel, overladen with guns as she was, had been scuttled by traitors aboard.

The moral effect of this disaster was such that *El General Piaçon*, the only other warship in commission of the Colombian Government, was immediately deserted by her alien crew, and for the time being, at least, remained hard and fast in the distant harbor of Cartagena.

In vain did the government try to suppress the news of these misfortunes. As I travelled by rail across the Isthmus I heard the train hands and passengers shout the joyful tidings to the disaffected *masses* who gathered at the little palm-covered stations to see the train go by. By the time we reached Colon the news was spreading like wildfire from the Isthmus into the interior. Even the rebels in the military prison heard the news.

The results were soon forthcoming. Word reached Panama that Honda del Agua, a small port not fifteen miles inland, had been captured by the liberals, and that a number of refugee Panamenos had joined their ranks.

There was talk of an expedition against them, but before the military governor of Panama could secure a suitable ship for the purpose, even more urgent requests for reinforcements were telegraphed across the Isthmus from Colon. A trainload of soldiers was shipped over to Colon on the morning train, and another trainload followed on a freight train at midday.

It took me so long to persuade the military authorities to let me accompany the expedition that I missed the first train and had to come on the baggage cars with the tail end of the detachment.

After all, it mattered little, since we found, upon arrival, that the soldiers were not wanted in Colon, but forty miles away, at Bocas del Toro, an important banana port, threatened with immediate attack by a surrounding force of nondescript liberals. A little transport steamer was waiting to receive us.

COLOMBIAN SOLDIER BOYS

At the wharf I found the soldiers of both detachments drawn up for inspection.

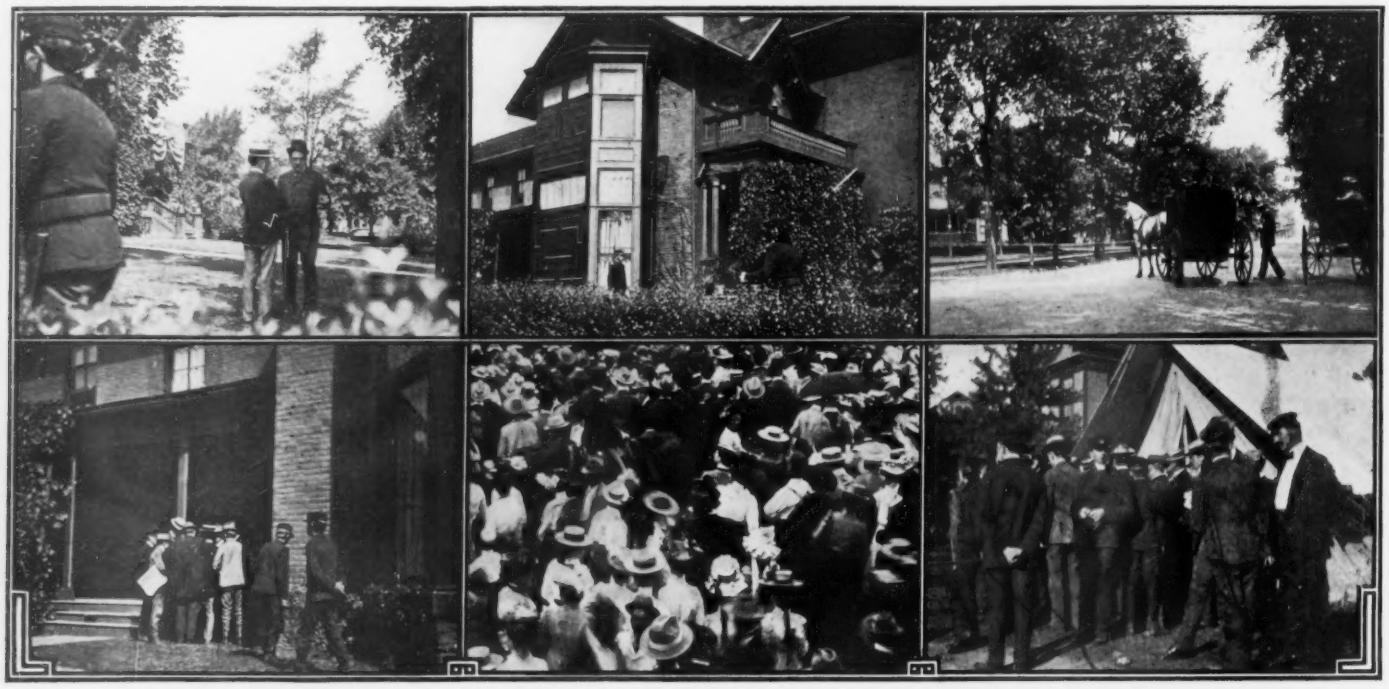
Behind the ragged line of soldiers crouched their women, some ten in number, mostly mere slips of girls not more than twelve or thirteen years old. Many of their soldier husbands were not much older.

One little corporal of the guard, who carried a huge Remington rifle of .58 calibre, and who proudly took charge of a curly-headed Indian girl of even more diminutive size, told

"BOCAS DEL TORO, AN IMPORTANT BANANA PORT, WAS THREATENED WITH IMMEDIATE ATTACK BY A SURROUNDING FORCE OF NONDESCRIPT LIBERALS"

WATCHING OVER THE STRICKEN PRESIDENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE



GUARDS, REPORTERS AND THE DAILY CROWD AROUND THE MILBURN HOUSE, WHILE PRESIDENT McKINLEY LAY HOVERING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

me that he was thirteen years old, counting from next October. His captain told me that the boy had been with the colors for two years, and had served in three battles, earning his rank of corporal through bravery in the field.

A HUMAN GUN CARRIAGE

In the last fight between the liberals and the government forces in the outskirts of Panama, the insurgents charged up the railroad embankment five times in succession and were beaten back each time with unusually heavy losses on both sides. Herbert Jeffers, an American soldier of fortune, who commanded the government forces on that occasion, told me that the fighting on both sides became so fierce that his gunners were cut down with machetes while serving their pieces.

By way of side comment to this story a Colombian general told me privately that Jeffers would have lost all his guns had he not taken them apart in the midst of the melee and sent them back to a better position piecemeal. Jeffers himself was seen to stagger out of the trenches with the best part of his favorite machine-gun strapped to his back, while he kept the most persistent of the insurrectos at bay with a revolver.

Presently the order came to embark, and all were bundled aboard without further ado.

IN SIGHT OF THE ENEMY

Next morning we drew near the coast until we came within a mile of the shores said to be held by the enemy. All hands were called to quarters, and the soldiers were ordered to lie down on the upper deck and to remove their red caps. Be it that our information was false or because of the drizzling rain, no enemy showed himself—nothing was to be seen but thick groves of palmetto, prickly pear and high cocoanut palms. A few tentative shots into the thickets brought forth no response.

At last we skirted the jutting point of the last island in Chirriquisito Lagoon, commanding the entrance to the harbor of Bocas del Toro, and came in plain sight of the palm-leaf huts of the liberal forces besieging the town. A volley of shots sent into the hamlet sent some women and children flying into the thicket. The answering shots came from a high bluff further inland. The bullets splashed into the water some twenty or thirty feet short of our vessel. I was in hopes that an immediate reconnoissance in force might be made, but those in charge decided otherwise. The engineer was ordered to put on full steam. With a fine burst of speed we cut through the clear blue water of the lagoon and put into port.

At the wharf we found a large crowd assembled in an indescribable state of excitement. The debarking soldiers were received with wild cheers. It appeared that an attempt to rush the town had been made but the night before.

A RASH RECONNOISSANCE

It was determined to send a reconnoitring party at once, so as to prepare for a counter attack on the rebel island. A naphtha launch lay at the wharf, and for a consideration her owner—Captain Bird of Alabama—consented to run her over to the island, provided the American flag were not flown to cover the venture. Incidentally, he requested the privilege of fetching Dr. Carter, an American physician isolated at the Yellow Fever Hospital on a smaller island within gunshot of the rebel position. I wanted to join the reconnoitring party, but the commandante would not let me go, on the plea that the expedition was not large enough to warrant the presence of a special correspondent.

We watched the little launch puff her way out of the harbor and saw her turn inland at the hospital three-quarters of a mile away. Then she emerged again, and headed straight for the insurgents' island, flying no flag. Suddenly there was a white puff of smoke inland, then another, and another. Almost simultaneously, we heard the crackling of guns on both sides. The launch kept on her course for a couple of hundred yards, but after a short while she turned, and came plowing toward us at a lively rate of speed.

AMERICANS UNDER FIRE

When she drew up alongside the dock the helmsman had to be lifted out by the others. Captain Bird's white shirt-front was red with blood. Kneeling down on the wharf, Dr. Carter immediately set to work to dress the wounded helmsman's leg, for which he had already improvised a temporary bandage while under fire, while the Colombian soldiers excitedly told their story. The coolest of the lot was Captain Bird, the American. In a few brief words, he explained to me how they had come under such heavy volley fire that further progress was considered inadvisable. When the bullets began striking all around them, he had taken the wheel from the native helmsman, to bring the launch around, but as he did so the man was shot through the leg, splintering the bone. The blood from his wound had splattered over Captain Bird's shirt.

Dr. Carter, after he had finished dressing the man's wound, showed me a bullet-hole in Captain Bird's shirt-sleeve and another in his own coat. The bullet he had probed out of the helmsman's wound proved to be a .32 calibre Winchester.

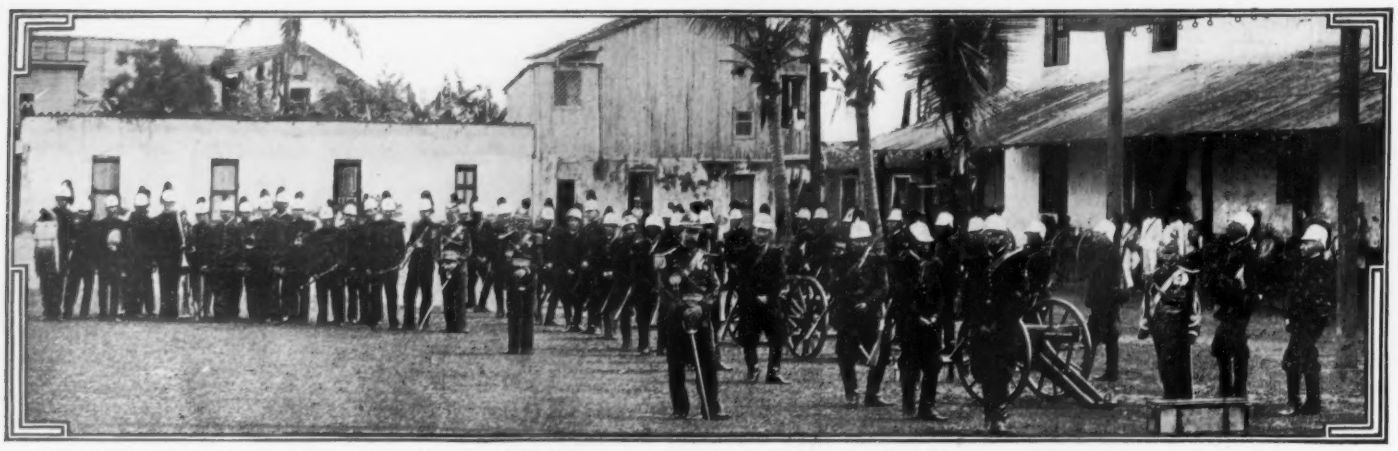
The immediate effect of this disastrous expedition was that all the other launches in the harbor were deserted by their crews, and the commandante could not secure any reliable engineers to take his contemplated expedition over to the island that night. By way of consolation, the government troops confiscated several private houses for barracks, seized all horses they could lay their hands on, and incarcerated several alleged discontents. The town was placed under martial law and heavy contributions were exacted from all property owners. All traffic in the harbor was stopped. The foreign consuls entered a joint protest and threatened to call for warships. This state of affairs continued for several days. At length some American lads employed by the Boston Fruit Company offered to run the launches as government transports, "for a consideration."

A NIGHT ATTACK

The "attack" was made at dead of night. I was invited to accompany the expedition. We ran into a thickly shaded cove and waded ashore. Deploying to right and left, the troops made a rush on the rebel hamlet. It was found deserted. Somebody from the town had given the alarm. All night long we scoured the bushes without finding a soul. At last, at daylight I heard a distant bugle call. It was repeated again and again, and the officer in charge of our detachment led us in that direction. Presently there came a quick call of "*Hallo! quien vive!*" with the simultaneous click of a rifle—loading. Our captain gave the cry, "Colombia!" and was answered at once by the countersign, "Por Siempre." It proved to be the second detachment, that had effected a landing on the other side of the island, and was maneuvring into the thicket without any better success.

In the end it was decided to return to Bocas del Toro, to ascertain from reliable sources whether the liberal forces had not crossed over to the mainland. Once more life in town returned to the intolerable conditions of martial law.

I could stand it no longer. On the following day I embarked on a fruit steamer bound for Colon, and thence crossed over to Panama.



"PANAMA'S CRACK BATTERY OF ARTILLERY WAS EQUIPPED WITH NEW UNIFORMS"

terrible "Jolly Roger" of the Spanish Main, and which Bonnet himself had hoisted, before he called together his crew.

For the most part, the men were astounded and looked blankly the one upon the other. They knew they had been shipped to sail upon some illegal cruise, and that they were to be paid high wages by the wealthy Bonnet, but that this worthy farmer should be their pirate captain had never entered their minds, they naturally supposing that their future commander would not care to show himself at Barbadoes and that he would be taken on board at some other port. As for Big Sam, he was more than astounded; he was stupefied. He had well known the character of the ship from the time that Bonnet had taken him into his service, and he it was who had mainly managed the fitting out of the vessel and the shipping of her crew. He did not know who Bonnet intended to command the ship, but, from the very beginning, he had intended to command her himself. But he had been too late. He had not gone about among the men, as he had expected to do soon after setting sail, and here this country bumpkin had taken the wind out of his sails, and had boldly announced that he himself was the captain of the pirate ship *Revenge*.

"IF YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT I WILL CUT YOU DOWN WHERE YOU STAND!"

The men now began to talk among themselves, and as Bonnet still stood, his sword clutched in his hand and his chest heaving with the excitement of his own speech, there arose from the crew a cheer. Some of them had known a little about Stede Bonnet, and some of them scarcely anything at all, except that he was able to pay them good wages. Now, he had told them that he was a pirate captain, and each of them knew that he, himself, was a pirate, or was waiting for the chance to become one. And so they cheered, and their captain's chest heaved higher, and the soul of the luckless Big Sam collapsed, for he knew that after that cheer there was no chance for him; at least, not now.

"Now go, my boys," shouted Bonnet, "back to your places, every one of you, and fall to your duty, and in honor of that black flag which floats above you, each one of you shall drink a glass of grog."

With another shout the crew hurried forward, and Stede Bonnet stood upon the quarter-deck, the pirate captain of the pirate ship *Revenge*.

And now stepped up to his master that good Presbyterian, Ben Greenway.

"And ye call yourself a pirate, sir," said he, "and ye go forth upon the sea to murder, and to rob, and to prepare your soul for hell."

Mr. Bonnet winked a little.

"You speak strongly, Ben," said he, "but that might have been expected from a man of your fashion of thinking. But let me tell you again, my good Ben Greenway, that I was no party to your being on this vessel. Even now, when my soul swells within me with the pride of knowing that I am a sovereign of the seas, and that I owe no allegiance to any man, or any government, and that my will is my law, and is the law of every man upon this vessel—even now, Ben Greenway, it grieves me to know that you are here with me. But the first chance I get I shall set you ashore and have you sent home. Thou art not cut out for a pirate, and as no other canst thou sail with me."

Ben Greenway looked at him very steadfastly.

"Master Stede Bonnet," said he, "ye are no more fit to be a bloody pirate than I am. Ye oversee your plantation well, although I have often been persuaded that ye knew not as much as ye think ye do. Ye provide well for your family, although ye take not the pleasure therein ye might have taken had ye been content with one wife, which, as the Holy Scriptures tell us, is enough for any man. And ye have sufficient judgment to take the advice of a judgmatical man about your lands and your herds; but, when it comes to your calling yourself a pirate captain, it is enough to make a deceased person chuckle, by the absurdity of it."

"Ben Greenway," exclaimed Mr. Bonnet, "I don't like your manner of speech."

"Of course ye don't," cried Ben, "and I didn't expect ye to like it, but it is the solemn truth, for all that."

"I don't want any of your solemn truths," said Bonnet, "and as soon as I get a chance I am going to send you home to your barnyard and your cows."

"Not so fast, Master Bonnet, not so fast," answered Ben. "I have taken care of ye for many years, I have kept ye out of many a bad scrape, both in buying and selling, and I am sure ye never wanted takin' care of more than ye do now, and I am just here to tell ye that I am not going back to Barbadoes till ye do, and that I am going to stand by ye through your bad luck and through your good luck, in your sin and in your repentance."

"Ben Greenway," cried Captain Bonnet, as he waved his sword in the air, "if you talk to me like that I will cut you down where you stand! You forget that you are not speaking to a country gentleman but to a pirate, a pirate of the sea."

Ben grinned, but, seeing the temper his master was in, thought it wise to retire.

CHAPTER V

DAME CHARTER

FOR WHAT SEEMED a very long time to Kate Bonnet, Dickory Charter paddled bravely through the darkness. She was relieved of the terror and the uncertainty which had fallen upon her during the past few hours and she was grateful to the brave young fellow who had delivered her from the danger of sailing out upon the sea with a crew of wicked scoundrels who were about to steal her father's ship, and her heart should have beaten high with gratitude and joy, but it did not. She was very cold, and she knew not whither young Dickory was taking her; she did not believe that in all that darkness he could possibly see where he was going. At any moment, that dreadful ship might loom up before them and lights might be flashed down upon them. But all of a sudden the canoe scraped, grounded, and stopped.

"What is that?" she cried.

"It is our beach," said Dickory, and almost at that moment there came a call from the darkness beyond.

"Dickory," cried a woman's voice, "is that you?"

"It is my mother," said the young man, "she has heard the scraping of my keel." Then he shouted back: "It is Dickory. Please show me a light, mother."

Jumping out, Dickory pulled the canoe high up the shelving shore, and then he helped Kate to get out. It was not an easy job, for she could see nothing, and floundered terribly, but he seemed to like it, and half led, half carried her over a considerable space of uneven ground, until he came to the door of a small house, where stood an elderly woman with a lantern.

DEER HUNTERS CAMPING IN TH

DRAWN BY A. B. F

N THE NORTH WOODS OF MAINE

N BA B. FROST

PRINT IN BINDING

KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

"Dickory, Dickory," shouted the woman, "what is that you are bringing home? Is it a great fish?"

"It is a young woman," said the boy, "but she is as wet as a fish."

"Woman!" cried good Dame Charter. "What mean you, Dickory—is she dead?"

"Not dead, Mother Charter," said Kate, who now stood unassisted, in the light of the lantern, "but in woful case, and more like to startle you than if I were the biggest fish. I am Mistress Kate Bonnet, just out of the river between here and town. No, I will not enter your house; I am not fit; I will stand here and tell my tale."

"Dickory," shouted Dame Charter, "take the lantern and run to the kitchen cabin, where ye'll make a fire quickly."

Away ran Dickory, and, standing in the darkness, Kate Bonnet told her tale. It was not a very satisfactory tale, for there was a great part of it which Kate herself did not understand; but it sufficed, at present, for the good dame who had known the girl when she was small, and who was soon busily engaged in warming her by her fire, refreshing her with food and fortifying her against the effects of her cold bath by a generous glass of rum, made, the good woman earnestly asserted, from sugar cane grown on Master Bonnet's plantation.

Early in the next morning came Dickory from the kitchen where he had made a fire (before that he had been catching some fish), and on a rude bench by the house door he saw Kate Bonnet. When he perceived her he laughed; but, as she also laughed, it was plain she was not offended.

This pretty girl was dressed in a large blue gown belonging to the stout Dame Charter, and which was quite as much of a gown as she had any possible need for. Her head was bare, for she had lost her hat, and she wore neither shoes nor stockings, those articles of apparel having been so shrunken by immersion as to make it impossible for her to get them on.

"Thy mother is a good woman," said Kate, "and I am so glad you did not take me to the town. I don't wonder you gaze at me—I must look like a fright."

Dickory made no answer, but by the way in which he regarded her she knew that he saw nothing frightful in her face.

"You have been very good to me," said she, rising and making a step toward him, but suddenly stopping on account of her bare feet, "and I wish I could tell you how thankful I am to you. You are truly a brave boy, Dickory—the bravest I have ever known." . . . His brows contracted.

"Why do you call me a boy?" he interrupted; "I am nineteen years old, and you are no more than that."

She laughed, and her white teeth made him ready to fall down and worship her.

"You have done as much," said she, "as any man could do, and more."

Then she held out her hand, and he came and took it.

"Truly, you are a man," she said; and, looking steadfastly into his face, she added, "How very, very much I owe you."

He didn't say anything at all, this Dickory, just stood and looked at her. As many a one has been before, he was more grateful for the danger out of which he had plucked the fair young woman than she was thankful for the deliverance.

Just then Dame Charter called them to breakfast.

When they were at table they talked of what was to be done next, and as, above everything else, Miss Kate desired to know where her father was and why he hadn't come aboard the *Sarah Williams*, Dickory offered to go to the town for news.

"I hate to ask too much, after all you have done," said the girl, "but after you have seen my father and told him everything—for he must be in sore trouble—would you mind rowing to our house and bringing me some clothes? Madam Bonnet will understand what I need; and she, too, will want to know what has become of me."

"Of course I will do that," cried Dickory, grateful for the chance of doing her a service.

"And if you happen to see Mr. Newcombe in the town, will you tell him where I am?"

Now, Dickory gave no signs of gratitude for a chance to do her service; but his mother spoke quickly enough.

"Of course he will tell Master Newcombe," said she, "and anybody else you wish should know."

In ten minutes Dickory was in his canoe, paddling to the town. When he was out of the little inlet, on the shore of which lay his mother's cottage, he looked far up and down the broad river, but he could see nothing of the good ship *Sarah Williams*.

"I am glad they have gone," said Dickory to himself, "and may they never come back again. It is a pity that Mr. Bonnet should lose his ship, but as things have turned out, it is better for him to lose it than to have it."

When he had fastened his canoe to a little pier in the town, with a rope which he borrowed, having now none of his own, Dickory soon heard strange news. The man who owned the rope told him that Mr. Bonnet had gone off in his vessel, which had sailed out of the harbor in the night, showing no light. And, although many people had talked of this strange proceeding, nobody knew whether he had gone of his own free will or against it.

"Of course it was against his will," cried Dickory; "the ship was stolen, and they have stolen him with it. The wretches! The beasts!" And then he went up into the town.

Some men were talking at the door of a baker's shop, and the baker himself, a stout young man, came out.

"Oh, yes!" said he, "we know now what it means. The good Mr. Bonnet has gone off pirating; he thinks he can make more money that way than by attending to his plantation. The townspeople suspected him last night, and now they know what he is."

At this moment, Master Dickory jumped upon the baker, and both went down. When Dickory got up the baker remained where he was, and it was plain enough to everybody that the nerves and muscles of even a vigorous young man were greatly weakened by the confined occupation of a baker.

Dickory now went further, to ask more, and he soon heard enough. The respectable Mr. Bonnet had gone away in his own ship with a savage crew, far beyond the needs of the vessel, and if he had not gone pirating, what had he gone for? And to this question Dickory replied every time, "He went because he was taken away." He would not give up his faith in Kate Bonnet's father.

"And Greenway," the people said, "why should they take him? He is of no good on a ship."

On this, Dickory's heart fell further. He had been troubled about the Scotchman, but had tried not to think about him.

"The scoundrels have stolen them both, with the vessel," he said, and as he spoke his soul rose upward at the thought of what he had done for Kate. And as that had been done, what mattered it, after all, what had happened to other people?

Five minutes afterward a man came running through the town with the news that old Bonnet's daughter, Miss Kate, had also gone away in the ship. She was not at her home, she was not in the town.

"That settles it," said some people. "The black-hearted rascal! He has gone of his own accord, and he has taken Greenway and his fair young daughter with him."

"And what think you of that?" said some to the doubter, Dickory.

"I don't believe a word of it," said he; and not wishing, on his own responsibility, to tell what he knew of Mistress Kate Bonnet, he rowed up the river toward the Bonnet plantation to carry her message. On his way whom should he see, hurrying along the road by the river bank, coming toward the town, and looking hot and worried, but Mr. Martin Newcombe? At the sight of the boat he stopped.

"Ho! young man," he cried, "you are from the town; has anything fresh been heard about Major Bonnet and his daughter?"

Now, here was the best and easiest opportunity of doing the third thing which Miss Kate had asked him to do. But his heart did not bound to do it. He sat and looked at the man on the river bank.

"Don't you hear me?" cried Newcombe, "has anybody heard further from the Bonnets?"

Dickory still sat motionless, gazing at Newcombe. He didn't want to tell this man anything. He didn't want to have anything to do with him. He hesitated, but he could not forget the third thing he had been asked to do and who had asked him to do it. Whatever happened he must be loyal to her and her wishes. And so he said, with but little animation in his voice, "Mr. Bonnet's daughter did not go with him."

Instantly came a great cry from the shore:

"Where is she, where is she? Come closer to land, and tell me everything."

This was too much. Dickory did not like the tone of the man on shore, who had no right to command him in that fashion.

"I have no time to stop now," said he; "I am carrying a message to Madam Bonnet." And so he paddled away, somewhat nearer the middle of the river.

Martin Newcombe was wild; he ran and he bounded on his way to the Bonnet house, he called and he shouted to Dickory, but apparently that young person was too far away to hear him. When the canoe touched the shore, almost at the spot where the fair Kate had been fishing, with a hook lying in the sun, Newcombe was already there.

"Tell me," he cried, "tell me about Miss Kate Bonnet. What has befallen her? If she did not go with her father, where is she now?"

"I have come," said Dickory sturdily, as he fastened his boat with the borrowed rope, "with a message for Madam Bonnet, and I cannot talk with anybody else until I have delivered it."

Madam Bonnet saw the two persons hurrying toward her house, and she came out in a fine fury to meet them.

"Have you heard from my runaway husband?" she cried, "and from his daughter? I am ashamed to hear news of them, but I suppose I am in duty bound to listen."

Dickory did not hesitate, now, to tell what he knew, or at least part of it.

"Your daughter," said he—

"She is not my daughter," cried the lady; "thank Heaven I am spared that disgrace. And from what hiding place do she and her sire send me a message?"

Dickory's face flushed.

"I bring no message from a hiding-place," he said, "nor any from your husband. He went to sea in his ship, but Mistress Kate Bonnet left the vessel before it sailed; and her clothes having been injured by water, she sent me for what a young lady in her station might need, supposing rightly that you would know what that might be."

"Indeed I do," cried Madam Bonnet; "what she needs are the clouts of a fish-girl, and a stick to her back besides."

"Madam!" cried Newcombe, but she heeded him not; she was growing more angry.

"A fine creature she is," exclaimed the lady, "to run away from my house in this fashion, and treat me with such contumely, and then to order me to send her her fine clothes to deck herself for the eyes of strangers."

"But, young man," cried Newcombe, "where is she? Tell that without further delay. Where is she?"

"I don't care where she is," interrupted Madam Bonnet; "it matters not to me whether she is in the town, or sitting, waiting for her finery, on the bridge. If she didn't go with her father (cowardly sneak that he is!), that gives her less reason to stay away all night from her home and send her orders to me in the morning. No, I will have none of that. If my husband's daughter wants anything of me let her come here and ask for it, first giving me the reason for her shameful conduct."

"Madam," cried Newcombe, "I cannot listen to such speech, such—"

"Then stop your ears with your thumbs," she exclaimed, "and you will not hear it." Then, turning to Dickory: "Now, go you and tell the young woman who sent you here she must come in sackcloth and ashes, if she can get them, and she must tell me her tale and her father's tale without a lie mixed up in them; and when she has done this, and has humbly asked my pardon for the foul affront she has put upon me, then it will be time enough to talk of fine clothes and fripperies."

Newcombe now expostulated with much temper, but Dickory gave him little chance to speak.

"I carry no such message as that," he said. "Do you truly mean that you deny the young lady the apparel she needs, and that I am to tell her that?"

"Get away from here!" cried Madam Bonnet, with her face in a blaze; "I send her no message at all, and if she comes here on her knees I shall spurn her, if it suit me."

If Dickory had waited a little he might have heard more, but he did not wait; he quickly turned and went away to his boat, and away went Martin Newcombe after him. But as the young man was barefooted, the other one could not keep up with him, and the canoe was pushed off before he reached the water's edge.

"Stop, you young rascal!" cried Newcombe. "Where is Kate Bonnet? Stop, and tell me where she is."

Troubled as he was at the tale he was going to tell, Dickory laughed aloud, and he paddled down the river as few, in that region, had ever paddled before.

Madam went into her house, and if she had met a maidservant it might have been bad for that poor woman. She was not troubled about Kate; she knew the young man to be Dickory Charter, and she was quite sure that her stepdaughter was in his mother's cottage. Why she happened to be there and what had become of the recreant Bonnet, the equally recreant young woman could come and tell her whenever she saw fit.

CHAPTER VI

A PAIR OF SHOES AND STOCKINGS

THE TIDE was running down and Dickory made a swift passage to the town. Seeing on the pier the man from whom he had borrowed the rope, he stopped to return him his property, and thinking that the good people of the town should know that, no matter what had befallen Major Bonnet, his daughter had not gone with him and was safe among friends, he mentioned these facts to the man, but with very few details, being in a hurry to return with his message.

Before he turned into the inlet, Dickory was called from the shore, and, to his surprise, he saw his mother standing on the bank, in front of a mass of bushes which concealed her from her house.

"Come here, Dickory," she said, "and tell me what you have heard."

Her son told his doleful tale.

"I fear me, mother," he said, "that Major Bonnet's ship has gone on some secret and bad business, and that he is mixed up in it. Else why did he so desert his daughter? And if he intended to take her with him, that was worse."

"I don't know, Dickory," said good Dame Charter reflectively; "we must not be too quick to believe harm of our fellow-beings. It does look bad, as the townspeople thought, that Mr. Bonnet should own such a ship, with such a strange crew; but he is a man who knows his own business and may have had good reason for what he has done. He might have been sailing out to some foreign part to bring back a rich cargo, and needed stout men to defend it from the pirates that he might meet with on the seas."

"But his daughter, mother," said Dickory, "how could he have left her as he did? That was shameful, and even you must admit it."

"Not so fast, Dickory," said she; "there are other ways of looking at things than the ways in which we look at them. He had intended to take Mistress Kate on a little trip. She told me that herself. And most likely, having changed his mind on account of the suspicions in the town, he sent word to her to return to her home, which message she did not get."

Dickory considered.

"Yes, mother," he said, "it might have been that way, but I don't believe that he went of his own accord, and I don't believe that he would take Ben Greenway with him. I think, mother, that they were both stolen with the ship."

"That might be," said his mother, "but we have no right to take such a view of it and to impart it to his daughter. If he went away of his own accord everything will, doubtless, be made right, and we shall know his reasons for what he has done. It is not for us to make up our minds that Mr. Bonnet and good Ben Greenway have been carried off by wicked men, for this would be sad, indeed, for that fair girl to believe. So, remember, Dickory, that it is our duty always to think the best of everything. And now I will go through the underbrush to the house, and when you get there yourself you must tell your story as if you had not told it to me."

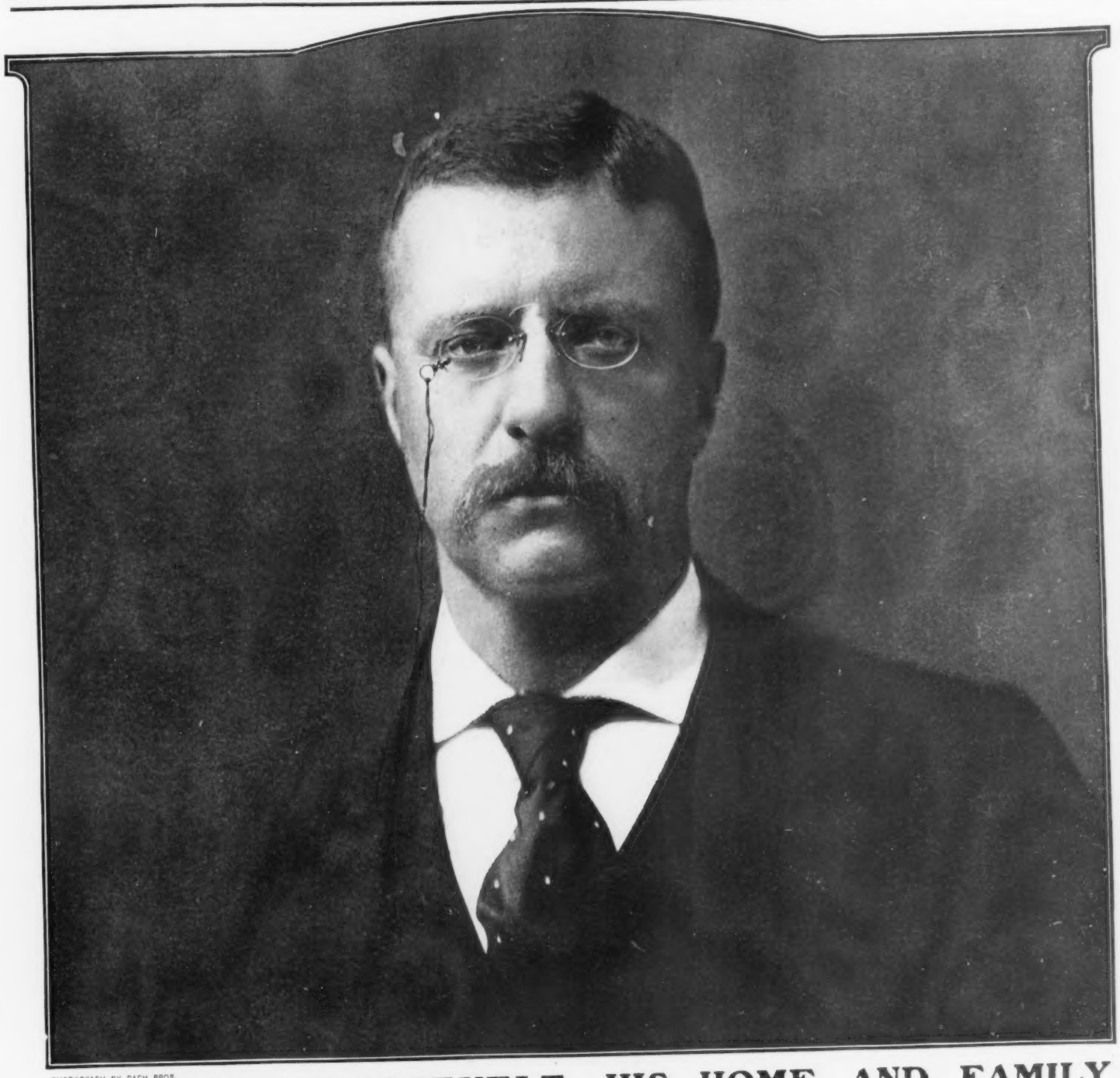
Before Dickory had reached his mother's cottage, Mistress Kate Bonnet came running to meet him, and she did not seem to be the same girl he had left that morning. Her clothes had been dried and smoothed; even her hat, which had been found in the boat, had been made shapely and wearable, and its ribbons floated in the breeze. Dickory glanced at her feet, and, as he did so, a thrill of strange delight ran through him. He saw his own Sunday shoes, with silver buckles, and he caught a glimpse of a pair of brown stockings which he knew went, always, with those shoes.

"I am quite myself again," she said, noticing his wide eyes, "and your mother has been good enough to lend me a pair of your shoes and stockings. Mine are so utterly ruined, and I could not walk barefooted."

Dickory was so filled with pride that this fair being could wear his shoes, and that she was wearing them, that he could only mumble some stupid words about being so glad to serve her. And she, wise girl, said nothing about the quantities of soft cotton wool which Dame Charter had been obliged to stuff into the toes before they would stay upon the small feet they covered.

"But my father," cried Kate, "what of him? Where is he?"

26TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



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ROOSEVELT'S OYSTER BAY HOME

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KATE BONNET: The Romance of a Pirate's Daughter

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null," Etc., Etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

SYNOPSIS OF THE INTRODUCTORY CHAPTERS, PUBLISHED LAST WEEK:

Major Stede Bonnet, an eccentric planter of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, conceiving a strange enterprise, buys a ship, the "Sarah Williams." It is commonly supposed by his neighbors that he is about to embark in trade. He proposes to take his daughter Kate with him on his first cruise. She goes aboard the ship before her father has completed his arrangements on shore, preparatory to sailing. Dickory Charter, a ships' fruit vender, overhears talk among the crew which leads him to suspect that the sailors are desperate characters, who have determined to slip out of the port during the night, leaving Major Bonnet behind. Dickory determines to save Kate from being carried to sea. She consents to trust him, and, following his instructions, in the darkness she slips over the side into his canoe. He takes her ashore and places her in the care of his mother.

CHAPTER IV

ON THE QUARTER-DECK

AS THE TIME approached when Big Sam intended to take the *Sarah Williams* out of port, it seemed really necessary that Mistress Kate Bonnet should descend from the exposed quarter-deck and seek shelter from the night air in the captain's cabin or in her room; and, as she had treated him so curtly at his last interview with her, he sent the elderly man with the mild countenance to tell her that she really must go below; for, that he, Big Sam, felt answerable to her father for her health and comfort. But when the elderly man and his lantern reached the quarter-deck there was no Mistress Kate there; and, during the rapid search which ensued there was no Mistress Kate to be found on the vessel.

Big Sam was very much disturbed; she must have jumped overboard. But what a wild young woman to do that upon such little provocation, for how should she know that he was about to run away with her father's vessel?

"This is a bad business," he said to the black-haired man, "and who would have thought it?"

"I see not that," said Black Paul, "nor why you should trouble yourself about her. She is gone and you are well rid of her. Had she stayed aboard with us, every ship in the colony might have been cruising after us before to-morrow's sun had gone down."

But this did not quiet the cowardly soul of Big Sam.

"Now I shall tell you," said he, "exactly what happened. A little before dark she went ashore in a boat which was then leaving the ship. I allowed her to do this, because she was very much in earnest about it, and talked sharply; and also, because I thought the town was the best place for her, since it was growing late and her father did not seem to be coming. Now, if the old man comes on board, that's what happened, but if he does not come on board, the devil and the fishes know what has happened, and they may talk about it if they like. But if any man says anything to old Bonnet, except as I have ordered, then the fishes shall have another feast."

"And now, what I have to say to you," said Black Paul, "is that you should get away from here without waiting for the tide. If one of these rascals drops overboard and swims ashore he may get a good reward for the news of the murder committed on this vessel. And there isn't any reason to think, so far as I know, that the *Sarah Williams* can sail any faster than two or three other vessels now in the harbor."

"There's sense in all that," said Big Sam, as he walked forward.

But he suddenly stopped, hearing, not very far away, the sound of oars.

Now began the body and soul of Big Sam to trouble. If the officers of the law, having disposed of Captain Bonnet, had now come to the ship, he had no sufficient tale to tell them about the disappearance of Mistress Kate; nor could he resist. For why should the crew obey his orders? They had not yet agreed to receive him as their captain, and so far they had done nothing to set themselves against the authorities. It was a bad case for Big Sam.

But now, the ship was hailed. And the voice which hailed it was that of Captain Bonnet. And the soul of Big Sam upheaved itself.

In a few minutes Bonnet was aboard, with a big box and the crew of the long-boat. Speaking rapidly, he explained to Big Sam the situation of affairs. The authorities of the port had, indeed, sadly interfered with him. They had heard reports about the unladen vessel and the big crew; and, although they felt loth to detain and to examine a fellow-townsman, hitherto of good report, they did detain him and they did examine him, and they would have gone immediately to the ship had it not been so dark. But, under the circumstances, they contented themselves with the assurance of the respectable Mr. Bonnet that he would appear before them the next morning, and give them every opportunity of examining his most respectable ship. Having done this, they retired to their beds, and the respectable Bonnet immediately boarded his vessel.

"Now," cried Captain Bonnet, "where is my daughter? I hope that Ben Greenway has caused her to retire to shelter."

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Big Sam, before any one else could speak, "she is not here. It was still early twilight when she told me she would wait no longer, and desired to be sent ashore in a boat. This request, of course, I immediately granted, feeling bound thereto, as she was your daughter, and that I was, in a measure, under her orders."

Captain Bonnet stood, knitting his brows.

"Well, well," he presently cried, with an air of relief, "it is better so. Her home is the best place for her, as matters have turned out. And now," said he, turning to Big Sam, "call the men together and set them to quick work. Pull up your anchors, and do whatever else is necessary to free the ship, then let us away. We must be far out of sight of this island before to-morrow's sunrise."

As Big Sam passed Black Paul he winked and whispered, "The old fool is doing exactly what I would have done if he hadn't come aboard. This suits my plans as if he were trying his best to please me."

In a very short time the cable was slipped, for Big Sam had no notion of betraying the departure of the vessel by the creaking of a capstan, and with the hoisting of a few sails, and no light aboard, except the shaded lamp at the binnacle, the *Sarah Williams* moved down the river and out upon the sea.

"And when are you going to take the command in your hands?" asked Black Paul of Big Sam.

"To-morrow sometime," was the answer, "but I must first go around among the men and let them know what's coming."

"And how about Ben Greenway? Has the old man asked for him yet?"

"No," said the other; "he thinks, of course, that the Scotchman has gone ashore with the young woman. What else could he do, being a faithful servant? To-morrow I shall set Greenway free, and let him tell his own tale to his master. But I shall tell my tale first, and then he can speak or not speak as he pleases, it will make no difference one way or another."

Soon after dawn the next morning, Capta'n Bonnet was out of his hammock and upon deck. He looked about him, and he saw nothing but sea, sea, sea.

Big Sam approached him.

"I forgot to tell you," said he, "that yesterday I shut up that Scotchman of yours; for, from his conduct I thought that he had some particular reason for wanting to go on shore, and fearing that if he did so he would talk about this vessel, and so make worse the trouble I was sure you were in. I shut him up as a matter of precaution, and forgot to mention him to you last night."

"You stupid blockhead!" roared Mr. Bonnet, "how like an ass you have acted! Not for a bag of gold would I have taken Ben Greenway on this cruise, and not for a dozen bags would I have deprived my family of his care and service. You ought to be thrown into the sea. Ben Greenway here! Of all men in the world, Ben Greenway here!"

"I only thought to do you a service," said Big Sam.

"Service!" shouted the angry Bonnet; but as it was no use to say anything more upon this subject, he ordered the sailing-master to send to him, first, Ben Greenway, and then to summon to him, no matter where they might be, or what they might be doing, the whole crew.

The other, surprised at this order, objected that all of the men could not leave their posts. But Bonnet overruled him.

"Send me the whole of them, every man jack. The fellow at the wheel will remain here and steer. As for the rest, the ship will take care of itself for a space."

"What can the old fool of a farmer intend to do?" said Big Sam, as he went away. "He is like a child with a toy, and wants to see his crew in a bunch."

Presently came Ben Greenway in a smothered rage.

"And I suppose, sir," said he, without salutation, "that ye have given orders about the care of the cows, and the lot of poultry that I engaged to send to the town to-day?"

"Don't mention cows or poultry to me," cried Bonnet; "I am a more angry man than you are, Ben Greenway, and as soon as I have time to attend to it I shall look into this matter of your shutting up, and shall come down upon the wrong-doers like sheeted lightning."

"What a fearful rage ye're in, Master Bonnet," said Ben. "I never saw the like of it. If ye're really angrier than I am I will not revile; leaving it to ye to do the reviling, who are so much better qualified. And so, it was not accident that I was shut up in the ship's pantry, leaving Mistress Kate to go home by herself; and come out this morning, finding the ship at sea and ye in command?"

"Say no more, Ben," cried Bonnet, "I am more sorry to see you here than if you were any other man I know in this world. But I cannot put you off now, nor can I talk further about it, being very much pressed with other matters. Now here comes my crew."

Ben Greenway retired a little, leaning against the rail.

"And this is his crew," he muttered; "a lot of unkempt wild beasts, it strikes me. Maybap he has gathered them together to convert their souls, and he is about to preach his first sermon to them."

Now all the mariners of the *Sarah Williams* were assembled aft, and Captain Bonnet was standing on his quarter-deck looking out upon them. He was dressed in a naval uniform, to which was added a broad red sash. In his belt were two pairs of big pistols and a stout sword hung by his side. He folded his arms, he knitted his brows, and he gazed fiercely about to see if any one were absent; although, if any one had been absent he would not have known it. His eyes flashed, his cheeks were flushed, and it was plain enough to all that he had something important to say.

"My men," he cried, in a stalwart voice which no one there had ever heard him use before, "my men, look upon me, and you will not see what you expect to see. Here is no planter, no dealer in horses and fat cattle, no grower of sugar cane. Instead of that," he yelled, drawing his sword and flourishing it about his head, "instead of that, I am Pirate Bonnet, the new terror of the sea. You, my men, my brave men, you are not the crew of the good merchantman *Sarah Williams;* you are pirates all. You are the pirate crew of the pirate ship *Revenge*. That is now the name of this vessel on which you sail, and you are all pirates, who, henceforth, shall sail her. Now look aloft, every man of you, and you will see a skull and bones under which you sail, under which you fight, under which you gain great riches in coins, in golden bars and in fine goods fit for kings and queens."

As he spoke every rascal raised his eye aloft, and there, sure enough, floated the black flag with the skull and bones, the

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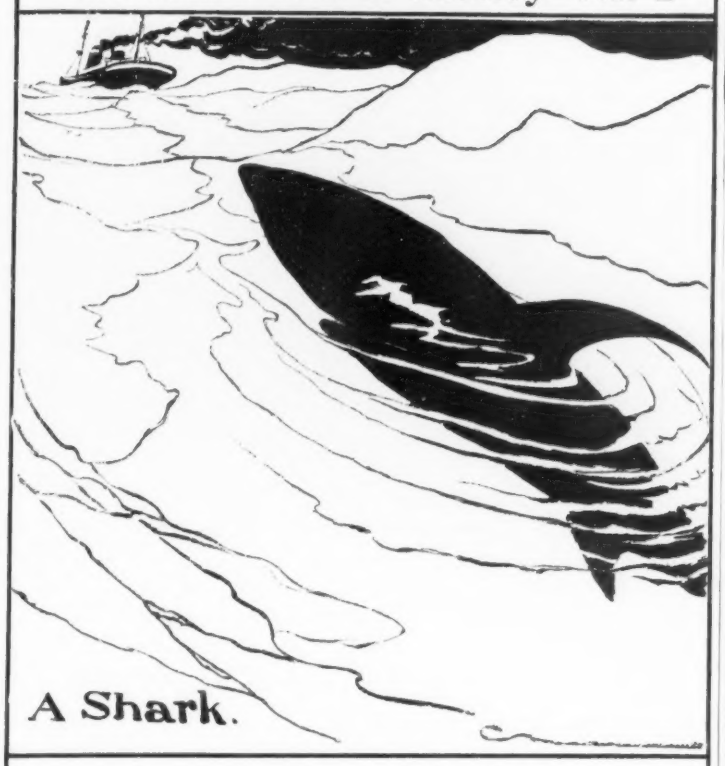

A Shark.

THE SHARK

By OLIVER HERFORD

HIS is the SHARK, my CHILD; I pray
Do not RECOIL or TURN AWAY.
'Tis true the SHARK is not the PINK
Of nice PROPRIETY, but THINK!
Think of the HORRID SAILOR MEN
He *HAS* to SWALLOW now and then,
With all their UNTOLD YARNS inside
And all their FEARFUL OATHS beside!
Put yourself in his place, my CHILD;
Could *YOU* keep SPOTLESS, UNDEFILED?
If only we could make the LIST
Of those on whom he *SHOULD* subsist,
No HOME, I'll venture to REMARK,
Would be complete, without a SHARK.

Now Dame Charter was with them, her eyes hard fixed upon her son.

Dickory, mindful of those eyes, told what he had to tell, saying as little as possible about Mr. Bonnet—because, of course, all that he knew about him was mere hearsay—but dilating with much vigor upon the shameful conduct of Madam Bonnet; for the young lady ought surely to know what sort of a woman her father's wife really was, and what she might expect if she should return to her house. He could have said even more about the interview with the angry woman, but his mother's eyes were upon him.

Kate heard everything without a word, and then she burst into tears.

"My father," she sobbed, "carried away, or gone away, and one is as bad as the other."

"Dickory," said Dame Charter, "go cut some wood; there is none ready for the kitchen."

Dickory went away, not sorry, for he did not know how to deport himself with a young lady whose heart was so sorely tried. He might have discovered a way, if he had been allowed to do so, but that would not have been possible with his mother present. But in spite of her sorrow, his heart sang to him that she was wearing his shoes and stockings! Then he cheerfully brought down his axe upon the wood for the dinner's cooking.

Dame Charter led the weeping girl to the bench, and they talked long together. There was no optimist in all the British colonies, nor, for that matter, in those belonging to France or Spain or even to the Dutch, who was a more conscientious follower of her creed than Dame Charter. She sat by Kate, and she talked to her until the girl stopped sobbing, and began to see for herself that her father knew his own business, and that he had most certainly sent her a message to go on shore, which had not been delivered.

As to poor Ben Greenway, the good woman was greatly relieved that her son had not mentioned him, and she took care not to do it herself. She did not wish to strain her optimism. Kate, having so much else upon her mind, never thought of this good man.

When Dickory came back he first looked to see if Kate still wore his shoes and stockings, and then he began to ask what there was that he might now do. He would go again to the town, if he might be of use there. But Kate had no errand for him there. Dickory had told her how he had been with Mr. Newcombe at her home, and, therefore, there was no need of her sending him another message.

"I don't know where to go or where to send," she said simply; "I am lost, and that is all of it."

"Oh, no!" cried Dame Charter, "not that; you are with good friends, and here you can stay just as long as you like."

"Indeed she can," said Dickory, as if he were making a response in church. His mother looked at him and said nothing. And then she took Kate out into a little grove behind the house, to see if she could find some ripe oranges.

It was a fair property, although not large, which belonged to the Widow Charter. Her husband had been a thriving man, although a little inclined to speculations in trade which were entirely out of his line, and, when he met his death in the sea, he left her nothing but her home and some inconsiderable land about it. Dickory had been going to a grammar school in the town, and was considered a fair scholar, but with his father's death all that stopped, and the boy was obliged to go to work to do what he could for his mother. And ever since he had been doing what he could, without regard to appearances, thinking only of the money. But on Sunday, when he rowed his mother to

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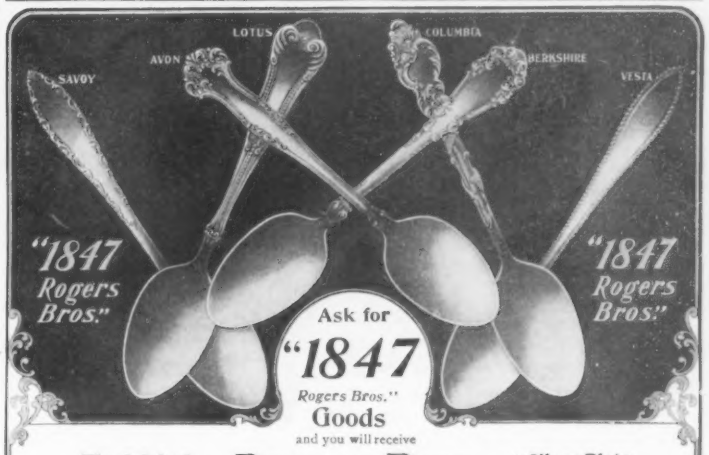

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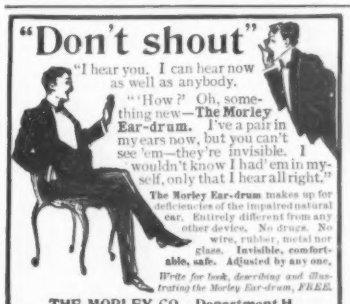

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church, he wore good clothes, being especially proud of his buckled shoes and his long brown hose, which were always of good quality.

They were eating dinner, when oars were heard on the river, and, in a moment, a boat swung around into the inlet. In the stern sat Master Martin Newcombe, and two men were rowing.

Now Dickory Charter swore in his heart, although he was not accustomed to any sort of blasphemy, and as Miss Kate gazed eagerly through the open window our young friend narrowly scrutinized her face to see if she were glad or not. She was glad, that was plain enough, and he went out sullenly to receive the arriving interloper.

When they were all standing on the shore, Kate didn't think it worth while to ask Master Newcombe how he happened to know where she was. But the young man waited for no questions. He went on to tell his story. When he related that it was a man, fishing on a pier, who had told him that young Mistress Kate Bonnet was stopping with Dame Charter, Kate wondered greatly; for, as Dickory had met Master Newcombe, what need had there been for the latter to ask questions about her of a stranger? But she said nothing. And Dickory growled in his soul that he had ever spoken to the man on the pier, except to thank him for the rope he had borrowed.

Martin Newcombe's story went on, and he told that, having been extremely angered by the conduct and words of Madam Bonnet, he had gone into the town and made inquiries, hoping to hear something of the whereabout of Mistress Kate. And after having done so, by means of the very obliging person on the pier, he had determined that the daughter of Mr. Bonnet should have her rights, and he had gone to his own lawyer, who assured him that, being a person of recognized respectability, possessing property, he was fully authorized, knowing the wishes of Mistress Kate Bonnet, to go to her stepmother and demand that those wishes be complied with. And if this very reasonable request should be denied, then the lawyer would take up the matter himself, and would see to it that reasonable raiment and the necessities of a young lady should not be withheld from her.

With these instructions, Newcombe had gone to Madam Bonnet and had found that much disturbed lady in a state of partial collapse, which had followed her passion of the morning, and who had declared that nothing in the world would please her better than to get rid of her husband's daughter and never see her again. And if the creature needed clothes, or anything else which belonged to her, a maid should pack them up, and anybody who pleased might take them to any place, provided she heard no more about them or their owner.

And in all this she spoke most truthfully, for she hated her stepdaughter, both because she was a fine young woman and much regarded by her father, and because she had certain rights to the estate of said father, which his present wife did not wish to recognize or even to think about. So Martin Newcombe was perfectly welcome to take away such things as would render it unnecessary for the girl to now return to the home in which she had been born. So Martin had brought the box, and here he was.

It was not long before Newcombe and the lady of his love were walking away through the little plantation, in order that they might speak by themselves. Dickory looked after them and frowned, but he bravely comforted himself by thinking that he had been the one into whose arms she had dropped through the blackness of the night and the blackness of the water, knowing in her heart that he would be there ready for her. And, also, by the thought that it was his shoes and stockings that she wore. Dame Charter saw this frown on her son's face, but she did not guess the thoughts which were in his mind.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

What Becomes of Cast-off Gowns?

IT IS an ill wind which blows no one good, and in the case of Madame's fine gowns this trite saying is fully exemplified. The extravagance of the age which makes it an impossibility for the reappearance of the same frock at more than two or three functions during a season is bound to benefit some one, and the question naturally arises—Who?

In querying as to the ultimate fate of the imported frocks which count up into the dozens in a smart woman's wardrobe, there is no account taken of the plainer articles of clothing which must necessarily go toward its completeness.

These plainer things are generally disposed of very easily and quickly by sending them to some charitable institution; but it is the delicate lace, chiffon, satin, and panne creations which are puzzling to dispose of.

Of course the modish woman could never descend to the menial details of disposing of her cast-off creations, and unless she is unfortunately blessed with a number of poor relatives, the costume whose pristine freshness is dimmed must naturally be disposed of in some manner.

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW

In the days of our grandmothers, when one, or at most two, elegant brocade satin or velvet gowns were looked upon as sufficient to carry a woman of fashion through the wear and tear of a social season, they were used for second-best gowns next season and finally found their way to the cedar chest in the garret.

Such a procedure would be an impossibility to-day. The modish of the twentieth century must needs have at least a dozen such gowns to successfully carry them through the brief New York season.

The multiplied accumulation of these gowns, were they relegated to the cedar chest in the garret, as in the days of old, would in a short time necessitate an addition to the house, especially if added to the matron's frocks were those of one or two debutante daughters. The result is that the maid generally comes in for a wardrobe of great magnificence, which she can turn to any account she pleases.

In many cases, when engaging a maid, the bestowal of gowns which cannot be worn again without loss of prestige to the woman who aspires to social leadership is part of the bargain. In fact, they form the perquisites of the position.

These scarcely worn frocks are sometimes put to much better use than to be given to maids, to reap an abundant harvest from

MISS CLARA BARTON WITH A GROUP OF CUBAN NURSES. Miss Barton is the President of the American National Red Cross, of which she was also the founder during the Civil War. She had conducted relief work in time of peace in Cuba, Russia, Armenia, and at Galveston when that city was destroyed by flood; and she took personal direction of Red Cross field work in the war with Spain. Photograph by Mackson.

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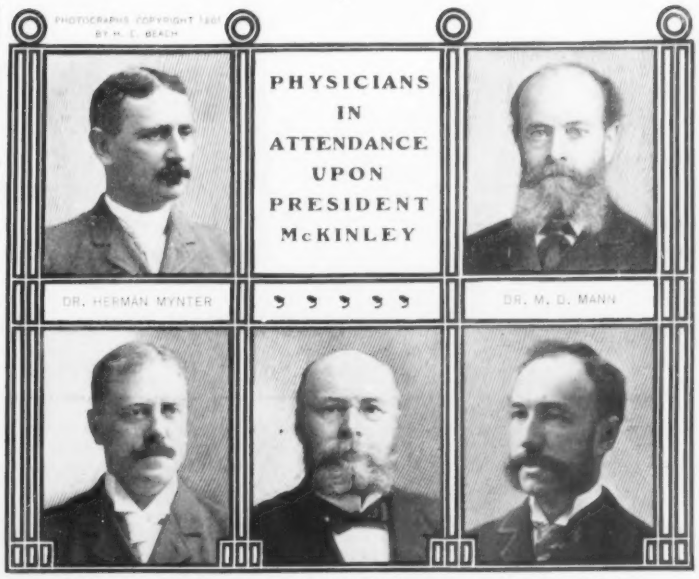

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their sale among the servants of the household.

Scarcely any family of wealth but what has some poor relations. Many women make a practice of packing trunks with the season's frocks and sending them to the less favored members of their family.

A MYSTERY SOLVED

A woman, whose income was known to be extremely limited, always appeared in the most costly Parisian creations. She was the envy of all her friends, and the means by which she managed to obtain such dreams remained a mystery to many.

One in the secret divulged it one day. It seemed that she had a very wealthy sister-in-law in the Diplomatic circle in Washington, who was in the habit of sending her trunkfuls of beautiful clothes twice a year. The woman was very skilful with her needle, and a few hours' work soon changed a scarcely worn gown into a new one for the poor relation.

The gowns which were sent from Washington were most costly and many of them had been worn not more than half a dozen times. The pristine freshness of the diaphanous materials of many of them had hardly left them.

This mode of disposing of these costly gowns atoned for the extravagance of the original owner; for her very lavishness proved beneficial to a woman whose social position called for smart gowning, but whose limited purse would have proved an insurmountable obstacle to its attainment.

How much better this method than that employed by the woman who only fostered extravagant notions in her servants, making them dissatisfied with what their wages could really purchase for them.

WHERE GOWNS MAY BE BOUGHT

It may not be generally known, but there are establishments in New York where the stock consists solely of gowns, costumes, hats, and all kinds of wearing apparel for woman, wherein not one article is new.

These places are filled with beautiful gowns, which show little signs of wear, and they are sold at a price so ridiculously low that one becomes suspicious of them at once. But the articles offered for sale are legitimately come by. They are bought, sometimes from the maid and sometimes from the mistress, through what is known as a "middle woman." These places are by no means pawnshops, nor "second-hand clothing stores." The women who act as "middle women" are usually gentlewomen in reduced circumstances. In fact, it was a woman of gentle birth and breeding who first conceived the idea.

ORIGIN OF THE TRADE

When, by force of circumstances, she was obliged to earn her living she conceived the idea of buying these frocks, mantles, hats, etc., from the women who could not wear them any more without loss of prestige. At first she sold these *sub rosa* to less favored women. She found a ready sale for the French creations, and her trade increased so rapidly that it was soon necessary for her to have some kind of a shop. One woman told another, as a great secret, about how she had been lucky enough to get her ball frock, which had been so much admired, for a mere song. The second immediately told a third; she told half a dozen more. An endless chain was thus established, and the originator of the scheme soon found herself unable to fill all the orders pouring in upon her.

For a while she was hard pressed to supply the demand. After puzzling for some time, an idea came to her which she immediately put into execution. She purchased some smart stationery, paying a good price for it, and then had her crest engraved on it. You see, she was lucky enough to be the proud possessor of a good crest. As she wrote a characteristic hand, she penned personal notes to all the wealthy women whose names are to be found in the Social Register. As a bait, she proposed to them that the money which she would pay them for these cast-off frocks, etc., should be devoted by them to charity. She was clever enough to know just which was each one's pet charity and to work on that.

GROWTH OF THE BUSINESS

She soon increased her stock and even found it necessary to enlarge her quarters. The women who had answered her first appeal became regular customers, and in time she came to know pretty well just what amount of stock she could depend upon.

Though the extremists tell us that fashionable dress for women is altogether a folly, are they right? The demand of fashion is to-day the most powerful agent of manufacture, trade, and commerce.

The extravagance of the modish family gives employment to millions of men and women and distributes millions upon millions of money. Therefore, far from being a bane, in the majority of cases it is a blessing.

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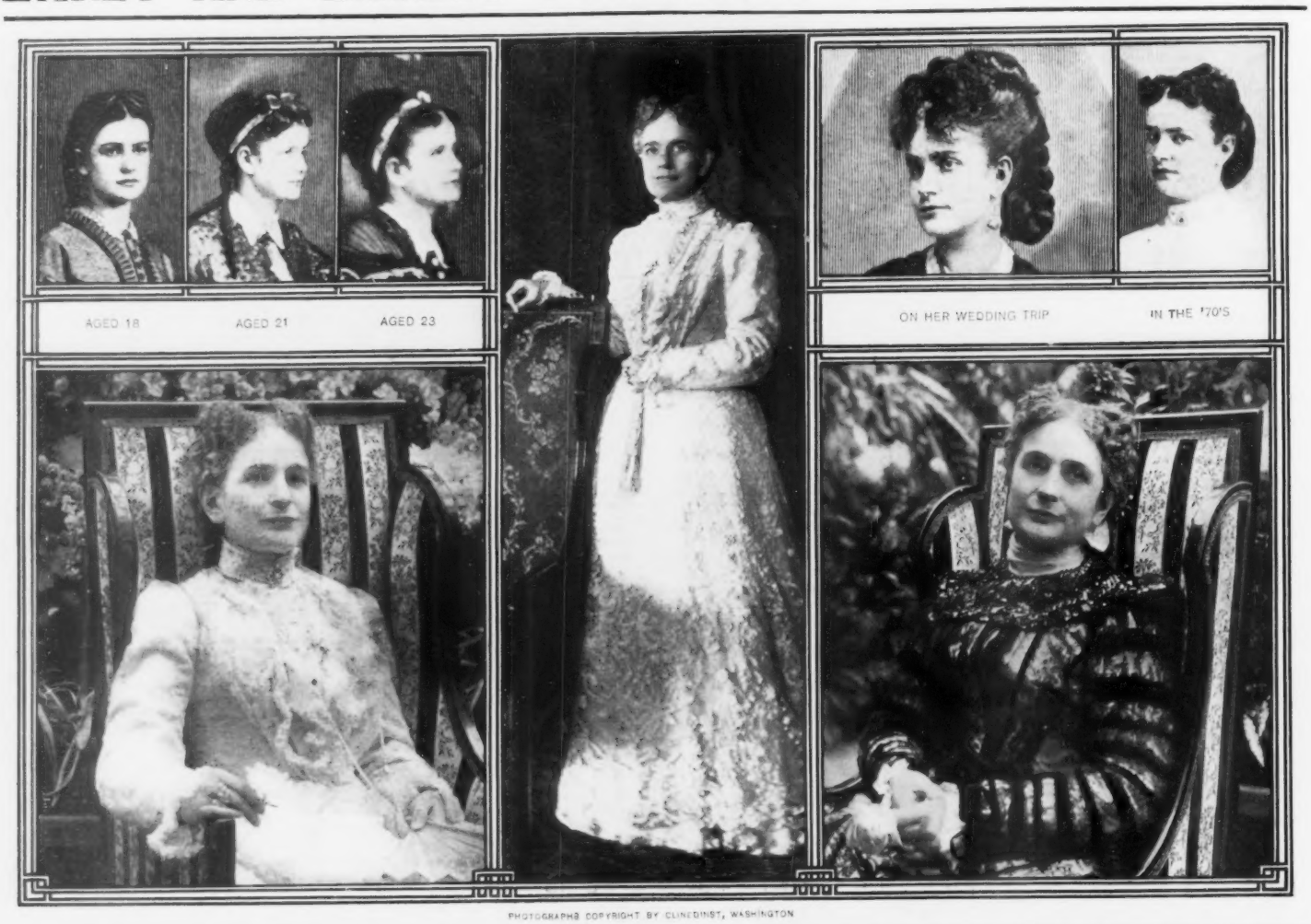

AGED 18 AGED 21 AGED 23 ON HER WEDDING TRIP IN THE '70'S

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ABNER McKINLEY, PRESIDENT'S BROTHER, LEAVING THE MILBURN HOUSE

PRESIDENT AND MRS. McKINLEY LEAVING THEIR CAR AT LEWISTON TO VISIT NIAGARA FALLS

THE BUILDING OF FLYING MACHINES

By HENRI LACHAMBRE, Constructor of all the Santos-Dumont Airships

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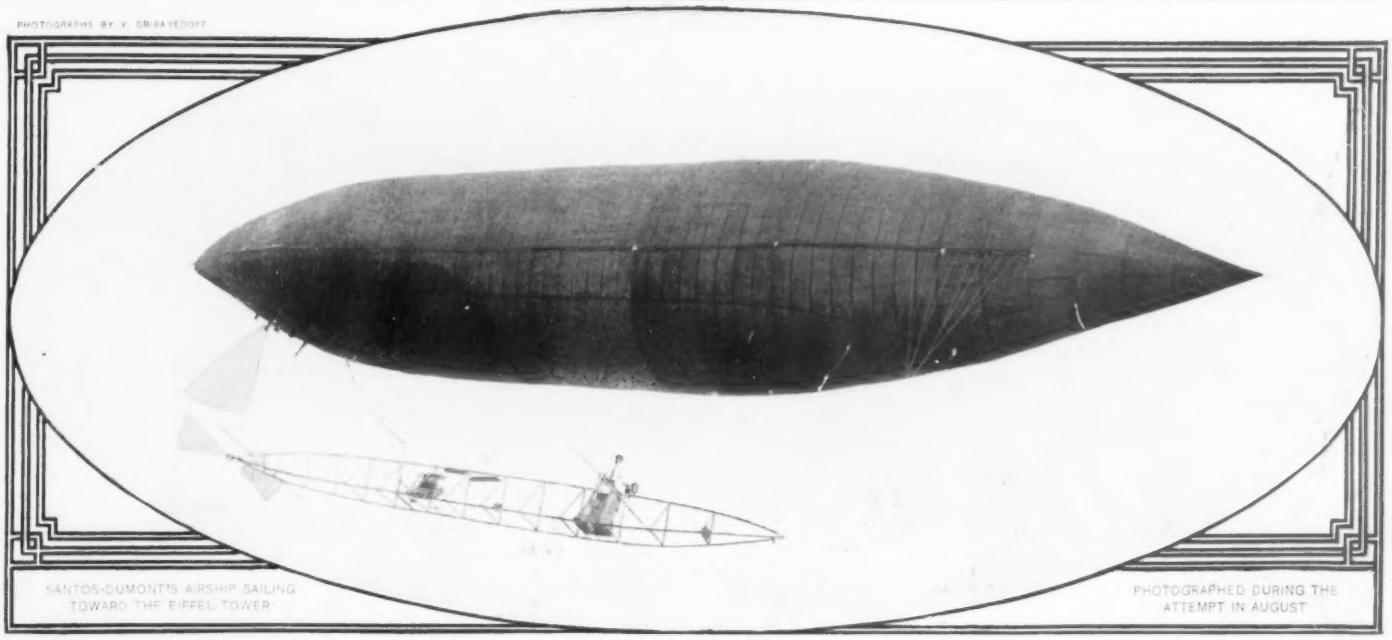


SANTOS-DUMONT'S AIRSHIP SAILING TOWARD THE EIFFEL TOWER

PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE ATTEMPT IN AUGUST

NOTE.—The writer of this article, M. Henri Lachambre, began the manufacture of balloons twenty-six years ago. He was among the first to make use of gold-beater's skin (the outer tegument of the great intestine of the ox) for the envelopes, and he has made a specialty of the varnishing. From 1877 to 1896 he had constructed 188 balloons worthy of scientific notice. Of the more considerable, 35 had a capacity exceeding 1,000 cubic metres (1,308 cubic yards, or 35,317 cubic feet), and 58 others were over 500 cubic metres in capacity. Besides the work done for the French army, M. Lachambre has executed commissions for Russia, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, Roumania, Brazil, and the United States. His latest work—the construction of the "Santos-Dumont No. 6"—is the triumph of both inventor and constructor. This article was prepared by M. Lachambre especially for COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and is the first authoritative statement yet made on this subject. The paper was submitted to M. Santos-Dumont and was approved by him. The young inventor also consented to pose in M. Lachambre's factory for the photographs which illustrate these pages.

THE "Santos-Dumont No. 5," as is well known, was accidentally destroyed in the early morning of August 8; in the evening, M. Santos-Dumont, who had narrowly escaped with his life, came to my place with his order for the new balloon. He had his calculations and the exact plans all ready in his mind. In all my work for him I have remarked that he is a man who knows just what he wants. He gives his directions with the greatest clearness and precision, in few words and without hesitation. His order of August 8 was fully begun on the 11th by the cutting of the material into six pieces; by the 21st these had been varnished and were ready for the final sewing and revarnishing, so that the balloon might be delivered complete on the 1st of September. Under ordinary circumstances a job of this magnitude takes from two to three months for completion.

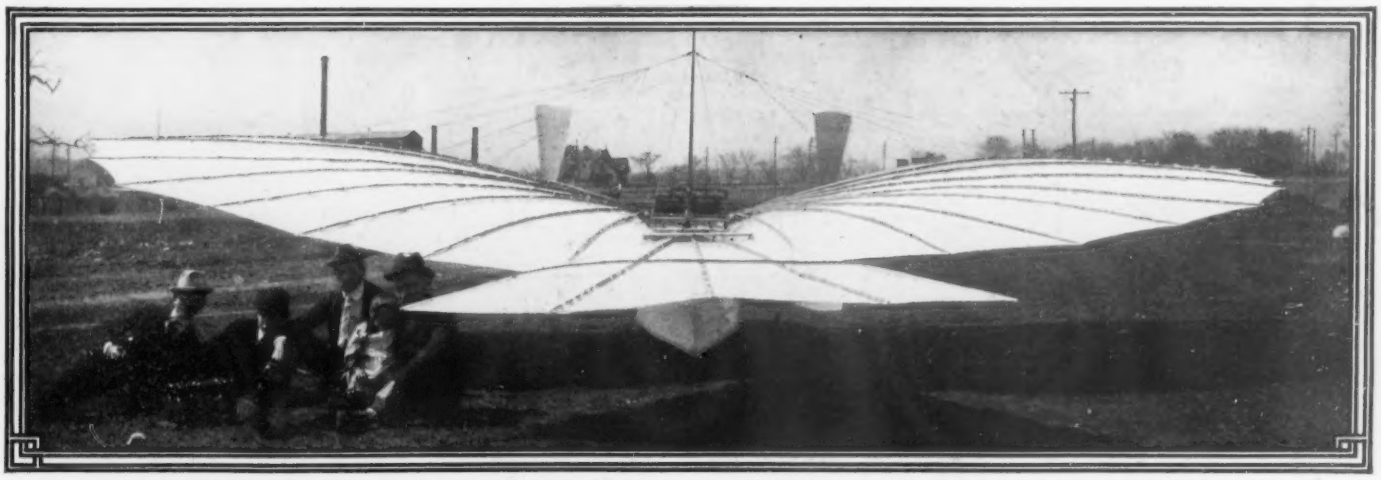
M. SANTOS-DUMONT

SANTOS-DUMONT IN THE SEWING-ROOM

NOTABLE POINTS OF THE NEW BALLOON

The "Santos-Dumont No. 6" differs in several respects from all its predecessors. In the first place, its form is a perfect ellipsoid, terminated at each end in a conical point. The length is 34 metres (111½ feet); the greatest diameter is 6 metres (over 19½ feet). To calculate the total capacity it is necessary to add the cubic metre contained in each of the two conical points; altogether the balloon contains 626 cubic metres (22,108 cubic feet). This is about 2,000 cubic feet more than the capacity of "No. 5," 7,000 more than that of "No. 4" (which was made into "No. 5" by sewing in an extension); 4,000 more than the large "No. 3," and 15,000 more than "No. 1." So it is not quite true to say that "just so far as M. Santos-Dumont has abandoned the 'lighter than air' (that is, by reducing the balloon), just so far has he approached success." The lifting power of this new balloon is 620 kilogrammes (1,364 pounds); of this M. Santos-Dumont needs for entire framework, ma-

AN AMERICAN-MADE FLYING MACHINE



The latest flying machine invented is that of Gustave Whitehead, who recently made a successful flight of half a mile. Like the Lilienthal, Langley and Chanute machines, Whitehead's is built on the bird principle. It has wings like those of a bat, and a spreading tail. The mechanism which operates the wings also works an automobile attachment which makes it possible for the machine to travel on the ground. In this way the inventor is able to get a running start. Mr. Whitehead hopes to perfect the machine at an early date, and to make an aerial voyage from his home in Connecticut to New York.

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PERFECTION AND SIMPLICITY Combined

VARNISHING THE OUTER COVERING OF BALLOON NO. 6

chinery and his own weight only 500 kilos., leaving him a net lifting power of 120 kilos., for ballast, to which must be added the 30 kilos. of upward force from the propeller—or 150 kilos. (330 pounds) in all.

The change of shape in the new balloon is noteworthy. A cigar shape, variously modified, has been commonly adopted in dirigible balloons for reasons connected with the resistance of the air. M. Santos-Dumont has chosen the present elliptic shape as a consequence of all his experiments. His "No. 1" was a cylinder terminated at each end by a cone. This was the first balloon filled with hydrogen gas under which a petroleum motor was suspended; the explosive gas generated by it was thought highly dangerous in proximity with the inflammable hydrogen of the balloon just above. In his second ascension with "No. 1," at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, the balloon doubled in on itself and fell with its inventor more than one thousand feet to the ground. The air-pump, with which he had expected to fill a little compensating air-balloon inside the other, and thus repair any loss of gas, did not work; and this difficulty has been repeated, in another form, in the catastrophe of "No. 5."

"No. 2" was of the same general form as "No. 1," but somewhat larger; it never served in practice. In "No. 3," M. Santos-Dumont introduced considerable modifications; the form notably was shorter and very much thicker. In this he dispensed with the little compensating air-balloon. Its work of keeping the balloon taut he left to a long bamboo rod fastened lengthwise in the suspension-cords above his head, and also to the shape, which more nearly approached that of a spherical balloon. This rod was the origin of the "keel" which he now uses; but further experience led him to replace the little air-balloon in "No. 4," "No. 5," and "No. 6." It is made of the same material as the balloon proper, in the bottom of which it lies flat when empty; it is fed by an aluminium ventilator in proportion as room is made for it by condensation or loss of gas in the balloon around. An ingenious but delicate system of interacting valves assures the expulsion of the air when the gas pressure in the balloon again increases.

PECULIAR TREATMENT OF THE MATERIAL

The treatment of the material of which the balloon is constructed belongs entirely to my own domain, and I think I have reason to be proud of my success. The spherical balloon for the United States War Department, which Lieutenant Glassford had constructed by me in 1893, was made of seven thicknesses of goldbeater's skin stuck together. The balloon of M. Santos-Dumont is made of a single thickness of my best silk. Each piece is subjected to a severe test, which it must satisfy before it can be used. This is done by the Perreaux dynamometer. In the case of Andrée's balloon, a resistance to rupture was reached equal to 15,000 pounds per metre; but this was with the best silk tissue glued four times together. The greatest attention is also paid to the seams and to their varnishing. The entire envelope is thus revarnished three times. The varnish is of a kind that leaves the balloon its natural suppleness and is not affected by water or changes of temperature.

A STARTLING INNOVATION

M. Santos-Dumont has made one very great innovation in this balloon. The entire framework, forming the long keel which holds propeller, petroleum engine, navigator and all, is now suspended, not from a network of cords enveloping the balloon, but from the envelope of the balloon itself. On each side of the balloon there are several long strips of China pongee, double thickness glued together, hemmed over so as to inclose a stout rod; round these rods, through buttonholed intervals, are passed the cords which suspend the framework to the balloon. In the interior of the balloon strips of silk are fastened over the seams thus made, covering them without being sewed to them, and the whole is thoroughly varnished; this avoids any possible rupture along these seams to the envelope of the balloon where it actually contains the inflating gas.

M. Santos-Dumont at first had the entire framework covered with varnished silk. Thus the completed structure would have looked in the air like a double balloon with my own ellipsoid above, while the "keel" and its contents were suspended underneath. However, on reflection we decided that the use of so much inflammable material would greatly increase the danger of fire, and the framework covering was done away with.

And now within a few days the "Santos-Dumont No. 6" will be ready to continue the brilliant experiments of its inventor. The reader who has followed the foregoing remarks has a right to expect some utterance from me as to the main issue at stake. To what degree will M. Santos-Dumont's chances of carrying off the Deutsch prize be improved by the construction of this new airship? And if he succeeds, are we to conclude that aerial navigation has thereby been revolutionized? As regards the first part of the proposition I have no hesitation in saying that this latest balloon should enable M. Santos-Dumont to make the trip from St. Cloud to the Eiffel Tower and back within the prescribed time. He might do it even in twenty minutes under favorable circumstances. This will in itself be a marvellous achievement, entitling the author to the gratitude of mankind.

The problem of battling against strong winds, which the tiniest sparrow has mastered with ease, will remain an obstacle to puzzle the human mind for many decades to come, I fear. Still, Napoleon is credited with saying that there exists no such word as impossible. Perhaps some Yankee genius may get ahead of us all and discover the solution, over which I, for one, have been breaking my head for nearly thirty years!

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SANTOS-DUMONT IN THE TOY-BALLOON LOFT DURING HIS HOURS OF RECREATION

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHILADELPHIA DETECTIVE BUREAU

EMMA GOLDMAN, THE ANARCHISTIC ORATOR AND WRITER, WHO WAS PLACED UNDER ARREST AT CHICAGO FOR ALLEGED COMPLICITY IN THE PLOT TO ASSASSINATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY

THE STORY OF AN EYE-WITNESS TO THE SHOOTING OF THE PRESIDENT

IN THE capacity of Exposition representative of the Buffalo "Morning Review" I was called upon to cover the visit of President McKinley to the Pan-American Exposition on that memorable Friday when the Chief Executive of this great nation was stricken by an assassin.

Outside the Temple of Music was a dense crowd, fully fifteen thousand in number, all attracted there by the President's reception.

Once the President's party were well inside the building, the doors were closed to allow time to make complete preparations for the levee. The chairs had been peculiarly arranged, leaving a lane from the southeast entrance of the building to the southwest exit, through which the people were to pass. It was scarcely large enough for the passage of more than one file of people. Under the majestic dome of the building, and bordering the passageway, a small space had been cleared. Here the President stood. In line, along each side of the passageway, were the eighteen members of the artillery corps detachment. In company with three other newspaper men, I stood in the rear of the President and to the right of the floral decorations.

When everything had been arranged the signal was given and a guard opened the southeast door. Outside there was a detail of at least twenty Exposition policemen regulating the influx and maintaining the single column. It was exactly at four o'clock. Everybody seemed to be happy, and the President particularly so. He beamed on every one in line and had a kind word for all. Even at this time the assassin must have been within the Temple. I saw him myself but a minute later. Nothing about his person especially attracted me; I just glanced at him, that was all. He appeared to be a kindly disposed German boy, and had a decided Teutonic complexion that could not be mistaken.

THE TRAGEDY

The last persons to shake hands with the President were a woman and a little girl, and a negro. I had just consulted my watch, desiring to take the exact time on some little incident that had occurred, and which I do not now recall, for I never recorded the notes. It was exactly 4.07 o'clock. Suddenly I saw a hand shoved toward the President—two of them in fact—as if the person wished to grasp the President's hand in both his own. In the palm of one hand, the right one, was a handkerchief. Then there were two shots in rapid succession, the interval being so short as to be scarcely measurable.

I stood stockstill. I saw Detective Foster strike upward the hand that would fire the third shot, and then saw a soldier (Private O'Brien of the Artillery Corps, it afterward developed) seize the man from behind and drag him down. Then I saw Gallaher and Ireland jump to the side of Foster, who was then on his knees with his fingers about the throat of the assassin. I took two or three steps toward the President. He had turned about a little and fell into the arms of Detective Geary. Mr. Milburn supported him from the other side. Just a few drops of blood spurted out and dropped on his white waistcoat. I remember this distinctly. The President was led to a chair a dozen steps away, and into this he sank, exhausted. His collar and necktie were quickly loosed and his shirt opened at the front. I was considerably excited, inasmuch as the shooting appealed to me, to use what may seem to be a heartless expression, in a business way. I was a newspaper man, and there for the sole purpose of covering the story. I might look at it from a sentimental viewpoint later. I did not know which to follow, the President or the assassin. Then I concluded to follow the President. I walked to his side, and, seeing the others using their hats in lieu of fans, did the same with mine. Secretary Cortelyou was bending over him, and distinctly I heard the President say: "Cortelyou, be careful. Tell Mrs. McKinley gently."

At this juncture I rushed to where the assassin lay prostrate on the floor. A dozen or more men, detectives and guards, were standing over him, striking and kicking him.

I then hastened back to the side of the President's chair. He had just raised his eyes, and observed the rough treatment being accorded his would-be assassin. Raising his right hand slightly he said:

"See that no one hurts him."

Some person with more forethought than others had immediately ordered the doors closed to keep out the crowd. This was done, and the doors were bolted. Outside the immense concourse of people was ignorant of what had happened. There was a murmur of discontent at the closing of the doors. They little imagined that, within, the President was writhing in pain, the victim of an anarchist's bullet. Not even when the ambulance dashed up to the southwest door of the Temple did they comprehend what had happened—it was so incredible. They thought some woman had fainted and the doors were closed pending her removal. The doctors rushed into the building, and Dr. Ellis felt the pulse. Upon the suggestion of Mr. Milburn, the coat was removed and the President laid on the litter. When the doctors and Mr. Milburn appeared at the door bearing the wounded President a heart-rending sigh went up—such as I have never heard nor ever expect to hear again. Even then the people could scarcely believe that the President had been shot. With the realization of the fact came tears and wailing.

JOHN D. WELLS,
Buffalo "Morning Review."

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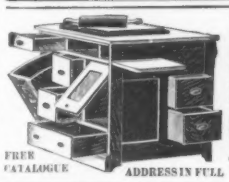

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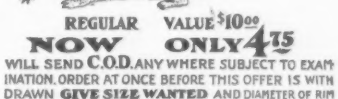

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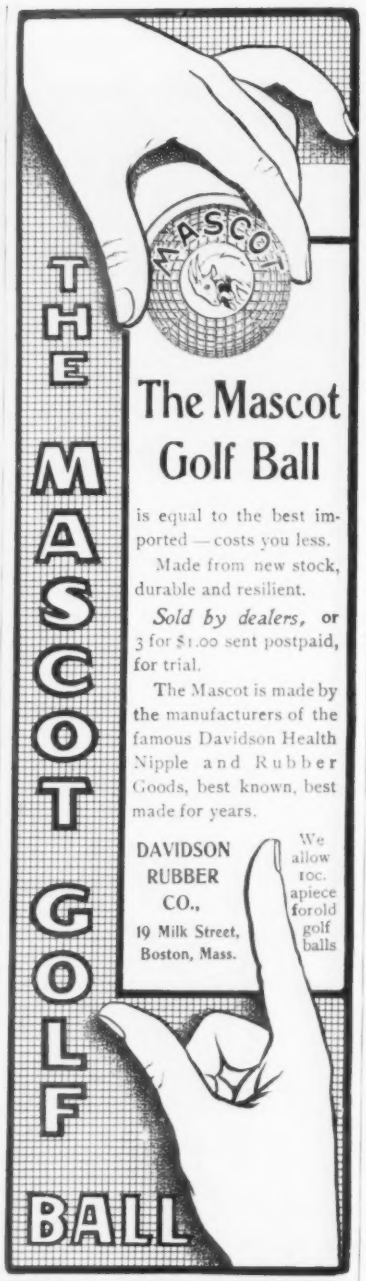

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Johnny Healy, U. S. Marshal

By TAPPAN ADNEY, Author of "The Klondike Stampede," Etc.

JOHNNY HEALY was troubled. He was used to that. Twenty-five years selling beads and blankets to border Sioux and coming out without a scratch, he knew a few things. He had not been sheriff at Fort Benton for some years to no purpose.

Only a year before, the Indians had determined to kill him, as the best way of expressing their opinion of a man who had come among them for the sole purpose of selling them goods. Two Indians died suddenly in consequence, and, no one knows how, he had been taken into the tribe; in place, it seems, of one of those who had died. Moreover, he might almost be called a chief; for the man whose place he took, and who had wanted to kill him, was a chief. The Indian had been altogether in the wrong and the trader right, and that was their notion of savage justice. This strange circumstance, however, is not the story. It was a fact, though, that the Chilkoots had made him a Crow—"Klokwakitshan" (Old Man of the Crows) they called him.

Johnny Healy's trading-post was some distance off, so Government thought it well to make him a United States marshal.

Johnny Healy, upon being appointed marshal, being a man of experience, saw it would make the work easier to get the Indians to help him. It would save him much trouble; besides, it would please them. So he appointed from among his own people, the Chilkoots, three *skookum* young men as policemen.

Now Indians have their "bad men" the same as white people. There was one fellow who was always making trouble. Finally, he put a knife into his squaw for some trifling matter and the marshal had to send the policemen down to arrest him. They brought him up handcuffed. He came willingly enough. But now the trader was troubled. The steamer to take him to Sitka would not be up for two or three weeks, and meanwhile he did not know what to do with the prisoner. He had no place to keep him. The store consisted of a single room where the goods were kept, with the living-room and kitchen behind. He could not keep him there. At the side of the building was a shed used for a storeroom and entered through the store. So he put him in there. That was no place for him, though, and, besides, it would cost something to keep him until the steamer came, and the government made no provision for such a contingency. The marshal scratched his head and stroked his chin. Finally he hit upon a plan. He called up the three policemen and said to them:

"Go inside and tell the man that if he will give me his word of honor to be on hand when the steamer comes in I will let him go free. Tell him that's the way white men do; that sometimes they come back even when they are going to be hanged." He hoped the plan would work. There was no alternative.

The policemen went inside and in a short while they came out and announced that the prisoner said, "All right." So he unlocked the handcuffs and the man walked out. And he kept his promise. Every few days he came up to the store to inquire about the steamboat. Finally the steamboat came and the marshal said to the man, "The steamboat won't sail for two or three days. Be sure to be on hand when the steamboat sails."

It happened that the man was a Chilkat. The Chilkats didn't always pull with the Chilkoots. They were blood kin, but they sometimes differed on politics. The prisoner had friends. He was willing enough to go, but it seems his friends were very far from being so. They did not at all approve of the trip to Sitka. Self-respecting Chilkats only went to Sitka to spend their money and get drunk. So the steamer sailed, and the man was not there. In fact, at the very time the steamer was getting under way, at least fifty Chilkats, along with the prisoner, had repaired to a large empty house about half a mile distant from the store, and were then and there indulging in a feast and filling up on Alaska whiskey.

"Go down, take your man and bring him here," commanded the marshal to the policemen, when he saw the man was not there and had heard what was going on.

The three policemen filed down to where the festivities were going on. In a little while they filed back to the store.

"What's the matter with you? You are officers! You are big men! Why don't you take him?"

There was no answer.

"Then I will!" he said; and the Indians saw he meant it.

Old Donawak, chief of the Crows, spoke up. "They will kill you!" Other Indians spoke up. "They will kill you!" They knew it, and they were his friends. The whole village turned out. Every man was there, and they started ahead of him for the house where the men were. But the Chilkat gang, at best, were two to their one, and they were drinking. Arrived at the front of the house, he paused not an instant, but pulled open the door and stepped in. The room was chock-a-block with Indians. They were lined up in three tiers all around the sides of the room and there were men standing in the centre. There was the prisoner, but he was in the very last tier next the far wall. The moment the Indians saw who it was they set up a hubbub.

"Tell them when they are still I will have something to say," said he quietly to the interpreter.

Instantly there was silence. Indians are always polite that way.

With hands clasped behind his back and fixing his gaze squarely upon the man in the rear, he said, speaking slowly and quietly: "When you are all through eating, when it is all over, I want to see the prisoner at the store. Tell him to come with the policemen."

There was a dead silence.

The trader turned to go. Turning back, half around, he spoke again: "If there is any person here who objects, let him speak right now."

There was a dead silence as before.

Then to the policemen: "I want you to stay here until the feast is over."

Then he went back to the store. He was playing a desperate game; that it might work he could only hope. It might be more correct to say that Johnny Healy never for an instant, after the inception of a course of action, allowed a doubt of success to cross his mind. Force, he saw, was out of the question. No man would come alive out of that hell-hole, if the first hand were raised. Every Chilkat carries a six-shooter in the waistband of his pants and a knife in his shirt, to use when he thinks necessary. Three hours passed. The policemen came back to the store. The prisoner was not with them.

The trader had been against as hard a proposition as this before, but not exactly of this kind. If he weakened, his authority was gone. He rubbed his chin once more and looked vacantly out through the small window in front of the store. Then his eyes wandered to the different objects about the dingy room. Against the wall near the window stood a small table. On the table was a copying press. It was just an ordinary commercial copying press. He used it for keeping copies of letters he sent outside for goods and other matters. He had found it a useful thing, and had brought it from Montana. It was somewhat of a mystery to the Indians. There was not another one in Alaska this side of the Governor's office at Sitka. Perhaps they had some idea about its being "tobacco." They know that letters to Sitka first went into that machine. However, we may not know all that passed through the minds of the savages whenever they came into the store to buy a bolt of calico or a plug of tobacco. An idea struck the trader. The copying press!

"So he refuses to come, eh? I'll fix that!" he said, with a look of determination that was meant to convince. "So he won't come, eh? Who are his friends?" he almost screamed at the alarmed policemen who stood waiting after the delivery of their report. Lifting the lid of the tall desk, he took out a large sheet of writing paper and, with a great show of deliberation, he reached for a pen and dipped it into the ink.

"Who are his friends that will not let him come?" he demanded heredy. They were all known. One by one they were called off and slowly and carefully each name was written down on the paper. There were nine altogether. He now held up the sheet so they could see the names written upon it, and then walking briskly across the room, opened the letterbook, placed the sheet of paper in, closed the book, put it under the letterpress and, giving the wheel a sharp turn, brought it down firmly upon the book.

"There! He won't come, eh? *The prisoner will be here by sunset!*"

The policemen looked at each other with a mystified air, muttered something to each other, and, as the trader waved them out, they backed out of the room.

Johnny Healy sat down in a chair. He wiped his brow, for the day was warm. He had played his last card. He knew perfectly well that the men would go right back and every Indian in that house would know what had been done.

Half an hour passed. It was an anxious one for the trader. Presently he heard voices outside. Then the sound of feet upon the steps and the door was pushed open. The yard was filled with Indians—Chilkats and Chilkoots. In front was the prisoner. He was fairly pushed into the door.

"Take him! Take him!" several voices said at once in Thingit.

The Indian went to Sitka. What would have happened if the bluff had failed even Johnny Healy didn't know.

THE END

SHATTUCK AND CHARRON STARTING

MR. AND MRS. H. L. RIKER STARTING

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY WALTER CAMP

AUTOMOBILES

AMID the noise of tooting horns and clanking bells, the "long-distance endurance test" of the Automobile Club of America started on the long run to Buffalo, Monday, September 9, at 8 A.M. The start from the Plaza was a beautiful sight to the lover of the horseless carriage, and surpassed any of the recent automobile shows. All kinds of machines were in evidence—steam and gasolene carriages, gasolene phaetons and bicycles, French cars and gasolene French racers. In all, there were seventy-seven starters.

Among those who started were Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Riker, in their sixteen horse-power gasolene carriage; A. R. Shattuck, president of the Automobile Club, in a twelve horse-power gasolene French car; B. B. MacGregor, in a twelve horse-power gasolene speed car; D. Wolfe Bishop, in a thirty horse-power gasolene French racer; and John Jacob Astor, in his gasolene phaeton.

Owing to the Erie Sweepstakes race, September 19, in which they were to compete, W. K. Vanderbilt and Albert C. Bostwick did not start.

The route was through Yonkers, Tarrytown, and Ossining to Peekskill, where the stop was made for dinner. Three miles beyond Peekskill is Nelson's Hill, where the hill-climbing contest was to be held. The test was a remarkable performance, as fifty of the machines succeeded in reaching the top by their own motive power. All those that succeeded were full-fledged automobiles, as not a single motocycle succeeded in reaching the top.

Poughkeepsie was the stop for the night. A. L. McMurtry's gasolene machine was the first in, he having reached the city at 3.30, with MacGregor second. Only sixty-eight started from Poughkeepsie, with B. B. MacGregor leading, the others following at thirty-second intervals. The noon stop was at Hudson. D. Wolfe Bishop's French racer reached Albany at three o'clock, followed very closely by B. B. MacGregor, Mr. Packard third and John Jacob Astor fourth. Mr. Astor decided to end his trip here. Wednesday the run was made by way of Schenectady and Fonda to Herkimer.

PRELIMINARIES AT ATLANTIC CITY

Walter Egan, of the Onwentsia Club of Chicago, in the preliminary practice on the Atlantic City Links, established a new record of 78 for the course. He went on and finished another round, which he made in 81, thus giving a total for 36 holes of 159.

Out	5, 5, 4, 3, 5, 3, 5, 3, 5—38	
In	4, 4, 5, 3, 5, 3, 4, 6, 6—40	78
Out	4, 4, 4, 3, 6, 5, 6, 3, 5—40	
In	3, 4, 6, 5, 5, 4, 4, 5, 5—41	81
		159

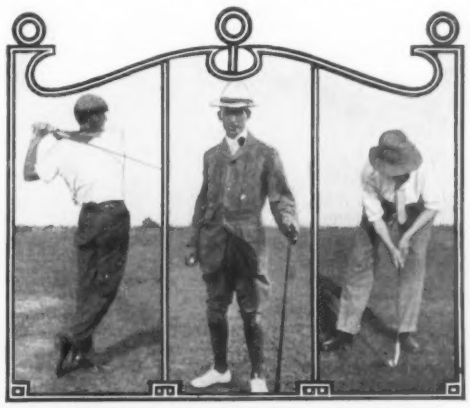
Findlay S. Douglas went around 18 holes in the afternoon, and played a steady, consistent game, making two 40's, as follows:

Out	5, 3, 5, 3, 6, 3, 6, 4, 5—40	
In	4, 4, 5, 5, 5, 4, 3, 5, 5—40	80

Still another comparatively unrecognized golfer came to the front with a remarkable preliminary round over the Atlantic City course. This is the card handed in by McKinnie of St. Louis and vouched for by Tillinghast of the Philadelphia Cricket Club and Lambert of the St. Louis Country Club, with whom McKinnie was playing a three-ball match:

Out	5, 4, 4, 3, 5, 3, 5, 3, 5—37	
In	3, 4, 7, 4, 4, 3, 4, 6, 5—40	77

At the same time, John Reid, Jr., was accomplishing a 79 and Lockwood the same figures, incidentally beating Travis. Darby also secured a 79, while Douglas, Dr. Harlan and Seeley took 82. All this added interest to the speculation upon the outcome, and these straws were eagerly followed.



C. H. SEELEY W. J. TRAVIS JOHN REID, JR.

AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP—DOUGLAS DRIVING, 10TH TEE

A REMARKABLE HOLE IN ONE AT ATLANTIC CITY

One of the most remarkable happenings of the golf season occurred at the meeting of the Atlantic City golf team with Cape May over the Atlantic City course. E. A. Darby of St. David's, playing with the Atlantic City team, was matched against E. S. Lockwood of Baltimore, who was on the Cape May team. The record of the course was held by Walter J. Travis, the national champion, and I. H. Bohlen, the former individual champion of Philadelphia, each having made it in 81. Vardon, upon the occasion of his visit, had lowered this record two strokes, making 79, which stood as the professional record. When Darby and Lockwood went out, nothing of a record-breaking character was expected of the St. David's man. He went out in 41; excellent going, but not record-breaking. At that point he had his opponent 3 down. Playing from the eleventh tee to the hole, 155 yards away, his drive struck on the edge of the green and rolled in a perfectly direct line into the cup. Even this piece of luck did not satisfy him, for he continued going fast and made the fourteenth, a 425-yard hole, in a par 4, reaching the green with a drive and a brassey. He finished his homeward journey in 38, thus giving him 79 for the round, and tying Vardon's figures.

NEW RHODE ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB

The first race meeting of the new Rhode Island Jockey Club, held on the 5th, was a great success. The racecourse was laid in the new polo grounds at Bateman's Point, the stands, including the grand-stands with boxes, being set up, and the general view of the course proved excellent. The crowd was a most appreciative one, and the races were all worth seeing. Foxhall Keene showed that he is a greater winner with the live animal than with the automobile, for he inspired his own spirit into the ponies he rode, and when the finish came in sight, the pony with Keene across shot up out of the ruck and finished first. Keene rode Clarence Mackay's Slats in a five-furlong for polo ponies, and defeated Stanley Mortimer on Rondo, coming to the front after the ponies reached the stretch.

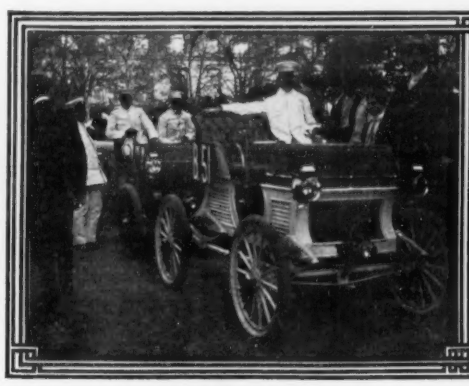
In the following race Keene donned Mortimer's colors and rode Joe Cotton. Here again the ponies came into the stretch on even terms, but Keene brought his mount out of the bunch one hundred yards from the finish and landed him a length ahead of Buckley's Molisimo. Buckley broke a stirrup just as his horse was passing under the wire, and he had a severe fall, but fortunately escaped unhurt.

The principal event on the card was the steeplechase of two miles and a half. Here Gebhard's Perion, ridden by Heder, beat out Hay's Trillion, Hooper's Owaissa being third.

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BUFFALO

On the first day of the World's Championship athletic meeting in the Stadium at Buffalo there were some capital performances, although the field of entries was less notable than on some other less important occasions. One of the events about which a double interest centred was the quarter-mile, for every one wished, in view of the international meeting between the picked teams of Yale and Harvard and Oxford and Cambridge, to learn if Dixon Boardman, the Yale runner, had sufficiently recovered from the strain of last spring to make him a factor in these Internationals. From the easy way in which he defeated his field the majority concluded that he is once more sound and fit. To tell the truth, although he ran well and had no difficulty in finishing in front, he was never pressed, and there were many among the critics who did not hesitate to say that he is not as capable of extension safely as he was when he defeated Maxey Long. The time was 51 seconds, so slow for real fliers as to leave plenty of room for contention on this point.

Hargrave, the probable American dependence in the sprint against Hind, the Englishman, ran in the 60-yard race and finished second to W. D. Eaton of Somerville, Massachusetts. But Eaton's time was fast—6⅘ seconds—equalling the world's record. Hargrave is another of the "broken-downs," but he



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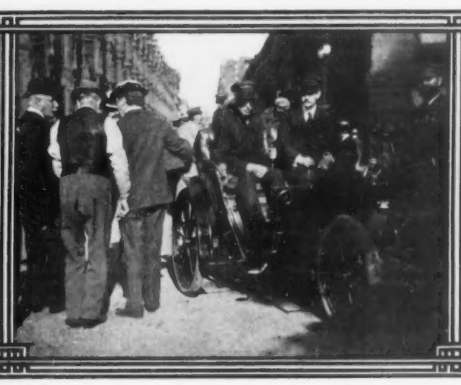

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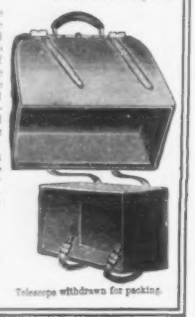

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ran freely and showed much of his old dash. The mile run was won by Aleck Grant, one of Pennsylvania's old standbys, and a good performer always. He had just enough left in him to beat off J. H. Wright of the Olympia Club in the struggle for the tape, and finished first in 4 minutes 29¾ seconds, Dick Grant, the former Harvard distance runner, getting home third.

Much interest centred about the jumps, for here, indeed, there were men who are known as world-beaters, although, unfortunately for the excitement, there were no class men pitted against each other. Had there been Prinstein and Kraenzlein at their best to come to the take-off against O'Connor there might have been some upsets. As it was, Ray Ewry in his specialties and O'Connor in his, overshadowed their field. In view of this their performances were, however, remarkably creditable, O'Connor, against the wind, covering 22 feet 5½ inches in the broad jump, and Ewry breaking the world's record in the triple jump and setting a new mark at 35 feet 7¼ inches. In this event Sauer of St. Bartholomew's showed to great advantage, considering his company, and covered 34 feet 9¼ inches. Flanagan, the indomitable weight hurler, defeated Sheldon of Yale and De Witt of Princeton in the discus throwing with 117 feet 6 inches, the Yale man being 2 feet 7 inches short, and the Princetonian 8 feet 7 inches away. Flanagan defeated the same two herculean youths in his specialty, the 56-pound weight. This he managed to throw 34 feet 7 inches. The 220-yard hurdle race was won by Arnold of the Union Settlement, with Bingham second, in the time of 26⅘ seconds. The potato race was funny enough, although the contestants took it *au serieux*, Arnold winning this event also over Plucas of Cambridgeport and Cohen of the Knickerbocker A. C.

On Saturday much the same men figured as the victors, Ray Ewry again being the record breaker. Last year at the Paris games this man with the coiled springs in his legs cleared the bar in a standing jump at 5 feet 5 inches, a very fair height for the average athletic man when taken with a run. On Saturday's Buffalo contests he raised that height by a quarter of an inch. His nearest competitor, Sauer, was some 7¼ inches below him. The running high jump was high class, two men clearing six feet, Serviss winning with 6 feet 3 inches; Jones, second, with 6 feet 1 inch; Sauer, with 5 feet 10 inches, getting third place. Eaton repeated his victory of the day before over Hargrave, the Yale sprinter, making the 110 yards in 11⅘ seconds, Westney of the University of Pennsylvania taking third. It was a desperately close race between Eaton and Hargrave, and there is doubt if it did the Yale man, with his weakened tendon, any good in view of the coming international contest. Sheldon, Yale, took the shot-put with 46 feet 2½ inches; Coe of Somerville, second, and De Witt, Princeton, third. Aleck Grant of the N.Y.A.C. and Pennsylvania took the half mile run in 2 minutes 11 seconds; Wright of Olympia second, by five feet. Flanagan distanced all competitors with the hammer, hurling it 171 feet 1 inch. Both hurdles were won by Arnold, Union Settlement; the pole vault by Anderson, N.Y.A.C., at 11 feet 3¾ inches, and the two-mile steeplechase by the veteran, George Orton. The eight-mile cross country team race went to the Pastime Athletic Club's team, composed of the two Pierces, McGarry, Sontar and McKenzie, Cambridgeport finishing second.

POLO JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP

It proved a remarkably fast little polo four that was thrown together and labelled Rockaway for the Junior Championship at Brookline. Hazard has been improving steadily all this season, and the combination of La Montagne and R. J. Collier at No. 2 and No. 3, with Collier, senior, back, proved very effective. In the finals, with Dedham second, although the Bostonians started off with a rush and secured the first goal, the Rockaways were steadily too strong for them, especially in team work. Foster did some capital hitting for Dedham, but he could not overcome the odds, although in the second period he and Forbes ran up four goals for Dedham to two for Rockaway. The first period gave Rockaway four goals to one for Dedham; in the second Dedham added, as above, four, while Rockaway was earning two, thus bringing the score very close once more. In the third, excellent play by R. J. Collier and La Montague added six goals to Rockaway's score, while Dedham only got through once. The fourth period did not alter the relative positions, as each side scored once, and Rockaway therefore won the cups for juniors by 13 goals to 7.

SENIOR CONTEST

There was a most enthusiastic and really appreciative crowd on the grand stands and field lines of the Brookline Country Club on September 7 for the first contest in the senior events of the National Polo Championship. Unfortunately for them, they saw no contest, for the game proved simply a rout for Myopia, whose team were able to secure but four goals while Lakewood ran up no less than twenty-three. Keene was never better, and the team work between that past master of the horse and mallet and his aids, the Waterbury brothers, was well worth going miles to see. In spite of their chagrin, the Boston end could not help admiring the work of Lakewood. Snowden, who played at No. 1 and made the fourth man instead of Cowdin, as had been expected some weeks ago, did some most creditable work, especially in the fourth period. The Myopia team was made up of Norman, Shaw, Agassiz and Wheeler. Outside of Keene, J. M. Waterbury and Agassiz were ahead of their game.

THE WISE CHOICE

The selection of *Columbia* to defend the cup again met with the approval of nine-tenths of the public. The record was clear. In thirty-two contests this boat had finished first twenty-four times. She had never been defeated by any boat save *Constitution*, and had finished ahead of that new Herreshoff creation ten times out of eighteen. The defeat of *Constitution* had been generally laid to her poor fitting sail. But, like many other things impossible of exact proof, this conclusion was not accepted by a great many who are in a position to be considered judges of yachting matters. Furthermore, the boat had never been tested out in rough water as had the old reliable *Columbia*. The choice, therefore, was accepted on all sides as the wisest possible.

EXAGGERATED CHEERING AND DISCOURTESY

There has been much comment on the exaggerated cheering of an American college public at ball games, boat races, and other athletic events. Many have attempted to draw the line as to how far this sort of thing should go. It is indeed advisable that it be restrained and curtailed. That the incessant blaring of the band is obnoxious to many people who sit in the grand stand, and that anything like cheering in order to rattle the opponents is thoroughly bad form and should be frowned down, is all true. But there are one or two points which should be noted in this connection. One is that it is always said the Englishmen do nothing of this kind. It is true that in most of their sports they do not. That is, they have so many sports that they could hardly afford to get excited over all of the many more than a man's friends would go out to watch him play golf every day and cheer madly at his good strokes.

When, however, Workman won the International contest at the Queen's Club, London, between Oxford and Cambridge and Yale and Harvard, by taking first in the three-mile race, the Englishmen were as madly enthusiastic as any college crowd of Americans and carried Workman up to the very top of the clubhouse in their enthusiasm. If any one wishes to look over a file of the London "Sport and Dramatic News" he will find an illustration given over to the cheering of their crews along the tow-paths of the riverside by the partisans with rattles, bells, whistles, and other means of making noises. Even at Henley the Englishman was almost exuberant over Leander's victory. To tell the truth, the Englishmen seem to be coming more and more toward the American pitch of enthusiasm, while the American is endeavoring to tone himself down.

A boundary and boundary rules were established at Lords after the Eton-Harrow match of 1866. The necessity for this boundary and rules was evident. For some few years previous to this time the crowd had trespassed on the field of play and interfered with the fielders finding the ball when it was batted into the crowd. In fact, partisan feeling ran so strongly that it was accepted as perfectly fair for the spectators to hamper the fielder as much as possible, and thus aid the batting side. As a journal of the day said, "it was no doubt amusing, but it was not cricket." But even after the introduction of boundary rules everything was not plain sailing, for in the very year following occurred what is handed down in cricket annals as the Foley row, which caused the sudden termination of the game, the invasion of the field by the spectators, and what came very nearly developing into a riot. Harrow had the field and had passed the 300 mark in their first innings. The ball was struck by one of the Eton batters, which, whether it did actually reach the boundary or not, was signalled by one umpire as a boundary hit. Strange as it may seem, at the same moment the Harrow fielder returned the ball quickly to Stow, the Harrow wicket keeper, who put the wicket down and appealed to the other umpire, who, by the way, had not seen the call of boundary signalled by his colleague, and he gave Foley out. It will be readily appreciated by the sportsman that if a man could not make his run, he certainly should not be put out. Hence Lubbock, who was captain of the Eton eleven and who was batting with Foley, left his wicket and went to the pavilion to protest. The result of this was that the crowd all left their seats and raised such a clamor of protest and counter-protest in front of the pavilion that stumps were drawn for the day, and the crowd cleared. As a matter of fact, the affair was finally smoothed over the next day by mutual apologies and an offer by the Harrow captain to put Foley in again, which was courteously declined by Eton. In that last we might easily find a lesson.

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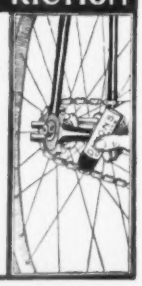

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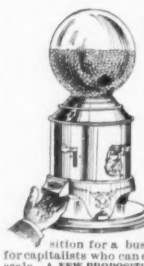

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Dr. Harlandson, whose opinion in diseases is worthy of attention, says when a man or woman comes to me complaining of indigestion, loss of appetite, sour stomach, belching, sour watery rising, headaches, sleeplessness, lack of ambition and a general run down nervous condition I advise them to take after each meal one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, allowing the tablet to dissolve in the mouth, and thus mingle with the food eaten. The result is that the food is speedily digested before it has time to sour and ferment. These tablets will digest the food anyway whether the stomach wants to or not, because they contain harmless digestive principles, vegetable essences, pepsin and Golden Seal, which supply just what the weak stomach lacks.

I have advised the tablets with great success, both in curing indigestion and to build up the tissues, increasing flesh in thin, nervous patients, whose real trouble was dyspepsia, and as soon as the stomach was put to rights they did not know what sickness was.

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MOTOR BICYCLES

MOTOR bicycles apparently are coming into favor because it is the bicycle that offers and affords the greatest latitude and that promises the greatest field of usefulness. But there are other motocycles, as many almost as there are types of pedomotive cycles—tricycles, tandems, and quadricycles.

Each of these preceded the bicycle itself. But two-track or three-track cycles do not readily adapt themselves to the average American road, nor is their width adapted to the average American gateway or doorway; they are too wide and too bulky for storage in the average American home.

These facts were quickly grasped, and as a result the other types are in the receding background, and more thought and ingenuity is centred on the motor bicycle than in all the other types combined. While all are propelled by gasolene motors or engines, the general design and application differ as widely as did the safety bicycles of the early days.

The employment of gasolene frequently excites undue fear in the minds of the unknowing. As a matter of fact, the powerful little engines are safer than the gas or gasolene stoves of household use. The explosion of one is still to be recorded, while there are tens of thousands in use.

The handling or steering of a motor bicycle or other motocycle is also popularly supposed to be a matter of great skill or knowledge. It is safe to say, however, that any one who ever rode a foot-propelled bicycle can ride and guide a motocyle without trouble. If anything, the motor bicycle steers even more steadily than the other kind; undoubtedly it is under better control.

The speed is as easily and as quickly at the will of the rider. The movement forward or backward of a lever no larger than one's little finger quickens or slackens the pace on the instant.

FOOD PRODUCTS

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And Many Greenbacks.

To secure additional information directly from the people, it is proposed to send little boxes of gold and greenbacks to persons who write the most interesting, detailed, and truthful descriptions of their experience on the following topics:

1. How have you been affected by coffee drinking and by changing from coffee to Postum?

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3. Did you set such a person right regarding the easy way to make Postum clear, black, and with a crisp, rich taste?

4. Have you ever found a better way to make it than to use four heaping teaspoonfuls to the pint of water, let stand on stove until real boiling begins, then note the clock and allow it to continue easy boiling full 15 minutes from that time, stirring down occasionally? (A piece of butter, about the size of a navy bean, placed in the pot will prevent boiling over.)

5. Give names and account of those you know to have been cured or helped in health by the dismissal of coffee and the daily use of Postum Food Coffee in its place.

6. Write names and addresses of 20 friends whom you believe would be benefited by leaving off coffee. (Your name will not be divulged to them.)

Address your letter to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., writing your own name and address clearly.

Be honest and truthful, don't write poetry or fanciful letters, just plain, truthful statements.

Decision will be made between October 30th and November 10th, 1901, by three judges, not members of the Postum Cereal Co., and a neat little box containing a $10 gold piece sent to each of the five best writers, a box containing a $5 gold piece to each of the 20 next best writers, a $2 greenback to each of the 100 next best, and a $1 greenback to each of the 200 next best writers, making cash prizes distributed to 325 persons.

Almost every one interested in pure food and drink is willing to have their name and letter appear in the papers, for such help as it may offer to the human race. However, a request to omit name will be respected.

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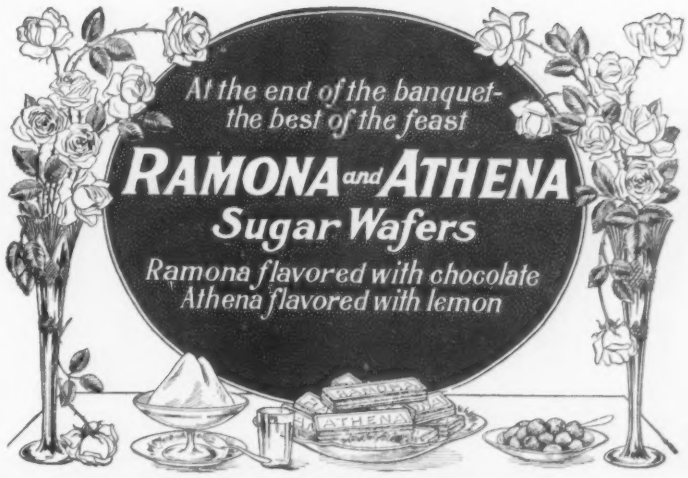
Talk this subject over with your friends and see how many among you can win prizes. It is a good, honest competition and in the best kind of a cause. Cut this statement out, for it will not appear again.



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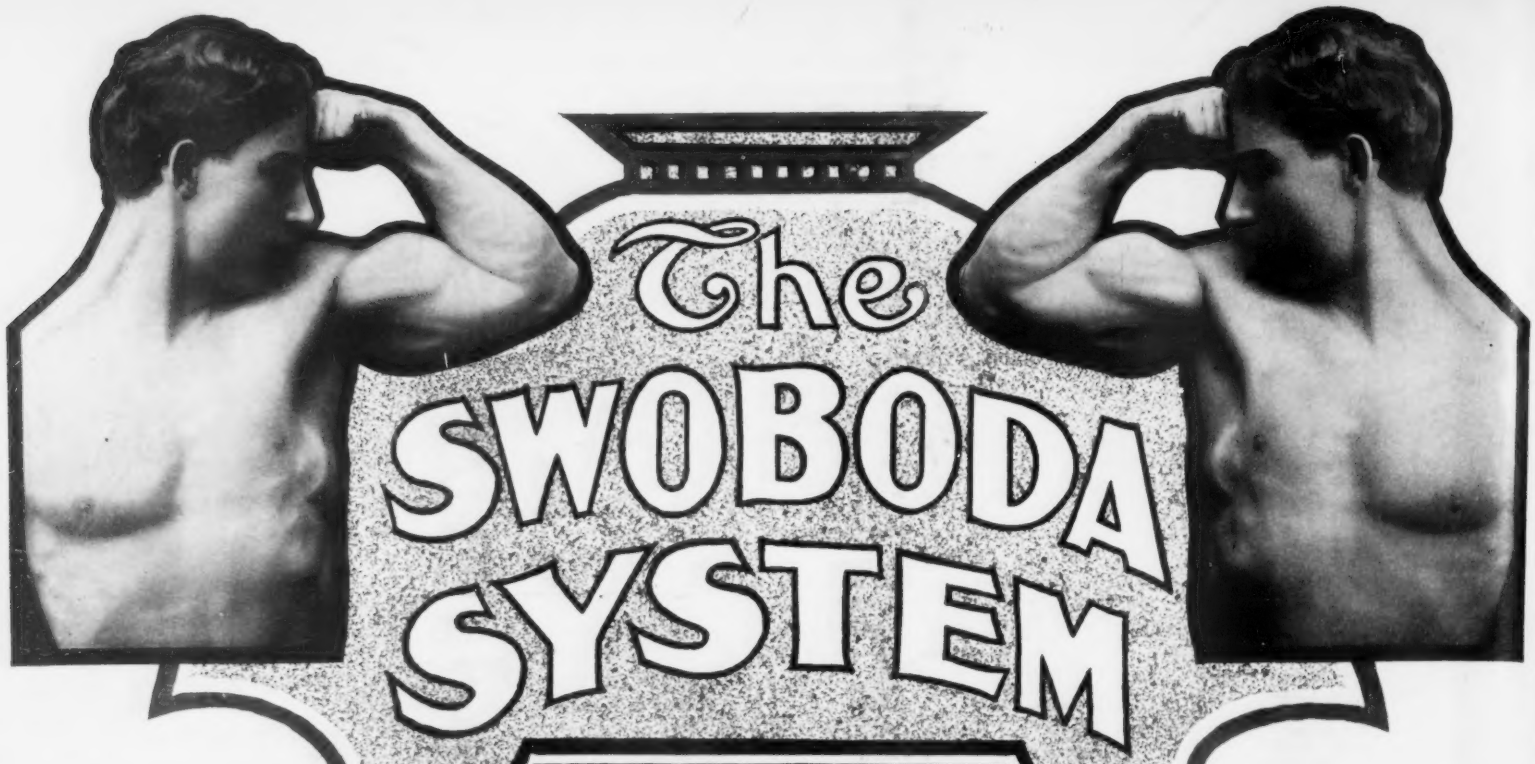
6 Cents.—Send us three 2-cent stamps, with your name clearly written, and we will return to you at once a handsome satin-finish **ALUMINUM NAME PLATE.** Suitable for door-bell, letter-box, desk, hat, etc.
M & C NAME-PLATE MACHINE CO., 841 Broadway, N. Y



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I am teaching intelligent men, brain workers, the ideal principles of attaining and preserving perfect health. It is not a problematical theory, but a system of physiological exercise based upon absolutely correct scientific facts. . . .

And if you will follow my instructions for a few weeks I will promise you such a superb muscular development and such a degree of vigorous health as to forever convince you that intelligent direction of muscular effort is just as essential to success in life as intelligent mental effort. **No pupil of mine will need to digest his food with pepsin nor assist nature with a dose of physic.** I will give you an appetite and a strong stomach to take care of it; a digestive system that will fill your veins with rich blood; a strong heart that will regulate circulation and improve assimilation; a pair of lungs that will purify your blood; a liver that will work as nature designed it should; a set of nerves that will keep you up to the standard of physical and mental energy. I will increase your nervous force and capacity for mental labor, making your daily work a pleasure. You will sleep as a man ought to sleep. You will start the day as a mental worker must who would get the best of which his brain is capable. I can promise you all of this because it is common-sense, rational and just as logical as that study improves the intellect.

Omaha, Neb.
March 11, 1901.
Mr. Alois P. Swoboda,
My Dear Sir:—I can with pleasure recommend your system of Physiological Exercise. It has put me in the most perfect physical condition, enabling me to withstand all the natural wear and tear of work without either physical or mental fatigue. Most professional men need your system and there is not one who would not be benefitted by its use. I believe such physical training as you teach to be the only true system. Most exercise becomes a burden after a short time; there is a fascination about your system which distinguishes it from every other form of physical training. I am glad to know of your success; it cannot be too great. I am, gratefully yours,
CHAS. L. DUNDY,
Attorney Union Pacific R. R.

Louisville, Ky.,
Jan. 22, 1901.
Mr. Alois P. Swoboda,
Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:—I am glad an opportunity has been given me to add my testimonial to many good ones you already have, in regard to the merit of your system of physiological exercise. In two months' time, by conscientiously following the exercises outlined by you, my muscles have been developed to a remarkable degree, as also has my general health been improved. I appreciate very much the individual attention which you gave my case and will say that if there is anybody in this section desiring any information in reference to your system, refer them to me and I shall take pleasure in recommending your exercises in the highest degree. Wishing you success and again thanking you for the benefit I have derived from your system, I am, yours respectfully,
(Signed) F. M. LOSEY,
Secy. & Treas. Nat'l Foundry and Machine Co.

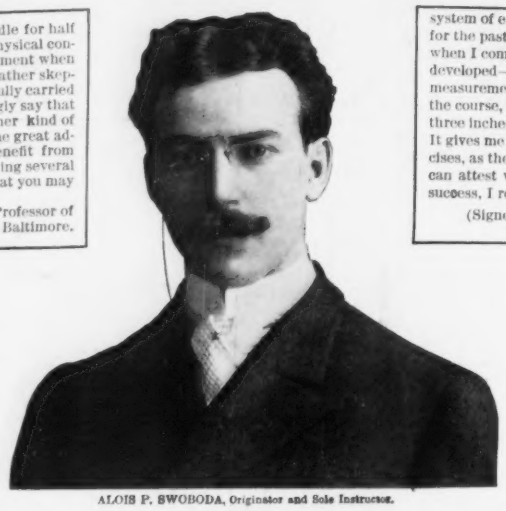
WHAT OTHERS SAY

It gives me much pleasure to receive letters like these herewith. Ones similar in tone come to me voluntarily every day.

Baltimore, February 11th, 1901.
Mr. Alois P. Swoboda, Chicago, Illinois.
Dear Sir:—Being fully aware that physical exercise is essential to the well being of man, I have at all times taken good care to exercise my muscles sufficiently well. The result of it is that now at the age of 57 years I can tire out many a companion of half my age either in walking or wheeling, that I can be in the saddle for half a day without inconvenience and that I am in good physical condition all around. It was, therefore, simply an experiment when I placed myself under your care and indeed I looked rather skeptically at the results to follow, but having now faithfully carried out your instructions for three months, I unhesitatingly say that I never before derived so much benefit from any other kind of exercise requiring the same length of time. Indeed the great advantage of your exercise is that one derives more benefit from the thirty minutes devoted to it daily than by spending several hours on other kinds of exercise. I sincerely hope that you may meet with the success that you so fully deserve.
Yours very truly, (Signed) W. SIMON, Ph. D., Professor of Chemistry in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Baltimore.

Newton, N. J. June 13, 1901.
Mr. A. P. Swoboda, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sir:—It is now about ten weeks since I commenced taking instructions from you and I feel it is due you that I should express myself as to the results attained. I cannot do otherwise than speak favorably of your system of exercise, as having followed your instructions closely for the past ten weeks, I can say they have produced great results; when I commenced taking the course, none of my muscles were developed—in fact, I hardly knew I had any, but in comparing measurements taken now with those taken before I commenced the course, I find an increase in all measurements from one to three inches. My health is good and I feel strong in every way. It gives me great pleasure to recommend your system of exercises, as they produce just such results as you claim and as others can attest who have followed your instructions. Wishing you success, I remain, Truly yours,
(Signed) J. E. WARBASSE, Secy, H. W. Merriam Shoe Co.

Among the pupils registered upon my books are many of the most prominent men and women of this country—College Professors, Authors, Artists, Financiers, Merchants, Manufacturers and professional men and women in all lines. The ages of my pupils range from fifteen to eighty-six and because of their varying physical condition and needs, individual instructions are given in each case.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By this condensed system more exercise and benefit can be obtained in ten minutes than by any other in two hours, and it is the only one which does not overtax the heart. It is the only natural, easy and speedy method for obtaining perfect health, physical development and elasticity of mind and body.

My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever, and but a few minutes' time in your room just before retiring. I shall be pleased to send you Free valuable information and a detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, together with testimonial letters from pupils.

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MR. McKINLEY'S DEATH WAS MOURNED NOT alone in this country but in Europe with every sign of sincere grief. Special services were held in Westminster Abbey and messages came from every corner of the globe testifying to the universal sorrow for the taking off of a great and generous statesman and abhorrence for the crime by which this nation lost its chief magistrate. Thursday, September 19 was observed as a day of general mourning in this country. It was Mrs. McKinley's wish that the final ceremonies should take place in Canton, Ohio, the city where Mr. McKinley spent most of the years of his manhood. Previously services had been held in Buffalo. The body was removed thence to Washington and after lying in state in the Capitol for a day was carried to the Ohio city and laid to rest amid the lamentations of the whole nation.

IT IS A COMMON SAYING OF WRITERS THAT the death of a distinguished public man afflicts a people with a sense of personal loss, but in this case it is no exaggeration. Mr. McKinley had a larger political following than any statesman of our generation and more personal friends than any President who had ever held the office. He possessed the rare qualities that make friends and the rarer qualities that keep them friends in success. But there was no division of politics or friendship in the mourning of the American public last week. The extraordinary pathos of the President's dying hours, saddened every heart beyond the power of words to express its sadness, and the patience, the magnanimous courage, the Christian faith of the brave gentleman were like a last blessing to the people. It might be said of him in the well-known lines on Addison, that he

> "Taught us how to live, and (oh, too high
> The price of knowledge!) taught us how to die."

"It is God's way, not ours; His will be done," he said when he was told that death was approaching and then murmured: "Nearer my God to thee, e'en though it be a cross, is my constant prayer." It will be a long time before the example of this Christian death fades from the minds of the people.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, PRESIDENT

ON THE AFTERNOON OF SATURDAY, SEPTEMber 14, Theodore Roosevelt was sworn in as President of the United States by Judge Hazel of the United States District Court at Buffalo. All the members of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet except Mr. Hay and Mr. Gage were present at the simple ceremony, and immediately thereafter a Cabinet meeting was called by the new President. Mr. Roosevelt took occasion to announce that it would be his aim "to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity of our beloved country." It was understood that the Cabinet were ready to resign in a body if the President desired it, but Mr. Roosevelt asked them to continue in office. Eventually changes may occur. It has been reported that Senator Lodge will enter the Cabinet as Secretary of State or that Mr. Root will be promoted to that office. Mr. Hay has been in poor health and would welcome a rest, and the Senator from Massachusetts is known to be an intimate personal friend as well as a valued political ally of the new President. Of the other members of the present Cabinet, Mr. Root is the only one who is on close terms with Mr. Roosevelt.

MR. McKINLEY'S SUCCESSOR IS THE YOUNGest man who has ever occupied the Presidential office. He is in his 43d year. Grant was nearly 47 when he became President; Cleveland 47, Garfield 49, Pierce 49, Fillmore 50, Tyler 51, Arthur 51. Clay was a candidate when he was 37 and Bryan when he was 36. Perhaps it is Mr. Roosevelt's unconquerable vivacity of spirits, and perhaps it is the persistent recollection of his earlier successes, that causes people to speak of the President as if he were a mere boy "panting for twenty one." At all events the amazement of the public that a man of forty-two should become President of the United States is another proof that this is a period of leadership by young men. But at forty-two one is well out of the nursery. Mr. Roosevelt is eighteen years older than the younger Pitt was when he was Prime Minister of England, eight years older than Gladstone was when he entered the Cabinet, eight years older than Napoleon when he was made First Consul for life, and older than Frederick the Great when he invaded Silesia, or Grant when he took Vicksburg. But those who know Mr. Roosevelt intimately have no misgivings as to the maturity of his mind. His boyishness consists solely in the exhuberance of his nature and his enthusiasm for certain manly ideals. We may hope that these qualities will not be suffocated by the dignity of his new position.

HIS CAREER HAS BEEN MORE INTERESTING than that of almost any other man in the public life of our generation. Unlike the four others who succeeded to the presidency by reason of death, he is known in every corner of the land. He began his career at twenty-three as an Assemblyman in New York State, but it was three years later that he attracted national attention. In 1884 he went to Chicago as a delegate to the Republican National Convention and although only twenty-six at the time, was one of the leaders of the Edmunds faction which gave the most prominent figures to the anti-Blaine secession from the party. He disappointed his friends at that time by refusing to join the bolt. He was then and has been ever since a party man. He spent the next two years in the Far West, where he won a reputation as a hunter of prowess and gratified to the fullest extent his love for the simple life and the rude justice of the range. In 1886 he was a candidate for mayor of New York and polled 60,000 votes out of a total of 220,000. President Harrison appointed him civil service commissioner in 1889 and he filled the place with great ability at a time when the merit system was under a severe strain. As a civil service reformer his career has been unexceptional. For a year he was police commissioner in New York city. He was Assistant Secretary of the Navy when the Spanish war broke out. He believed firmly in the necessity of that conflict from the day the news of the loss of the Maine was announced. It is said he was the first to suggest the attack on the Spanish fleet at Manila. He resigned his place to raise the irregular cavalry regiment which became known as the "Rough Riders." The history of his connection with that extraordinary body is a familiar story to all our readers. The Roosevelt "luck" followed him through the campaign. His was the only volunteer regiment whose colonel was promoted and he succeeded to the command. Luck and energy carried him into the first serious engagement in Cuba and placed his regiment in such a position that its courage and discipline shone to great advantage compared with the conduct of another volunteer regiment. He led a memorable charge, escaped injury from a storm of bullets and returned safe and sound to New York to be nominated for Governor through the unwilling compliance of his chief political enemy and elected against the expectations of every professional politician in the State.

SOME OF HIS POLITICAL VIEWS

HE IS A MODERATE PROTECTIONIST—A VERY moderate one.

He is, of course, firmly attached to the gold standard. But he has not troubled himself much with financial questions.

He is one of the veterans of the civil service reform movement.

He believes in a large standing army, but especially in a great navy. He has made a close study of naval affairs and the public may expect him to be the leader of a movement for the unprecedented increase of our sea forces.

He thinks the Nicaraguan canal should be built, and that it should be fortified by this government. To this end, he will support the senatorial party under the leadership of his friend, Senator Lodge.

He is an expansionist. The German paper that said he dreamed of making the United States not merely a world-power, but *the* world-power was not far from the truth.

He believes this country should take a more active part in foreign affairs. In international politics his sentimental bias is toward England, although he was frank to express his detestation of the Boer war. He agrees with his friends of the navy in regarding Germany as most likely to trouble us in the future.

HIS FORTUNATE STAR WAS STILL IN THE ascendent when the Republican National Convention gathered at Philadelphia in 1900, if a man can be considered fortunate who succeeds to the manifold burdens of the Presidency through such a tragedy as we have just witnessed. He did not want to become "his most superfluous highness." He, like every one else, felt that the Vice-President, caught in the tenacious spider web of the Senate, is practically powerless as a political factor. But Senator Platt, who hates him with great cordiality, and Governor Odell, who was even then training for the nomination in 1904, were bent on thrusting the honor on him. They were reinforced by Mr. McKinley's friends, who did not object to the possibility of enlivening the canvass with a new and vigorous personality, and by delegates from the West, where sentiment still holds some sway in politics. No one knows what process of reasoning Mr. Roosevelt's mind followed in yielding to these importunities. He is not easily led or influenced by his enemies. At all events he was won over, and, swearing he would ne'er consent, consented. After making the speech placing Mr. McKinley in nomination he accepted the second place on the ticket, and made a canvass which in point of energy left nothing to be desired.

WHAT SORT OF PRESIDENT WILL HE MAKE? Every one is asking that question, many trustingly, many hopefully, a few doubtfully. It is an obvious truth that the responsibility of the Presidency induces sobriety of thought and conservatism of action. In the executive offices he has held in the past, Mr. Roosevelt has shown no lack of moderation. He is by nature a soldier, with unconcealed admiration for the pomp and circumstance of war, but perhaps we all have that feeling in our hearts. But, politically, there is not a trace of radicalism in his nature. He might be called a conservative with a radical way of putting it. He has been an incessant student of our national history, and especially of the history of the West. He is not in any sense a political experimentalist. Many think he has given too little attention to the crowding social questions of the hour. He believes in the law—or rather the laws—above everything, and he is impatient of philosophers who suggest that ours are not the best possible laws of the best possible country of the pleasantest world.

HIS BEARING SINCE HE TOOK THE OATH of office has gratified the most conservative elements of his party who were in some fear. He has kept the McKinley Cabinet intact; although, as we have said above, changes are likely before the close of his term. A remark of his has been reported to the effect that "if a gun had been used and found good he would be foolish to throw it away. He might change the sights, but he would not abandon the old rifle." For "rifle" read "the McKinley policy" and you have the parable. The remark is Rooseveltian. Perhaps he made it. But his commendable loyalty to his predecessor's policy need not be taken as warrant for the belief that he will abandon his own principles or change his whole nature. He has friends and enemies; he has scores to settle and very few personal obligations to fulfil. It is a little early for the politicians who have been waging war on him for fifteen years to feel a sense of security.